The *Collier's* War: Europe Says No!

THE *Nation*

December 1, 1951

Battle of the Budget

Education Is Not Expendable

BY FREDERICK C. McLAUGHLIN

*

Britain's Point of No Return

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

*

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THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

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The Shape of Things

A NEW COMPLAINT LODGED AGAINST THE United States by Russia may easily boil up into a real issue. Last week in Moscow Andrei A. Gromyko handed a note to Hugh S. Cumming, Jr., United States chargé d'affaires, accusing Washington of violating the Roosevelt-Litvinov agreement to prevent activities aimed at "the bringing about by force of a change in the political or social order" of the other country. The cause of this démarche is a provision in the new Mutual Security Act authorizing the President to spend up to $100,000,000 out of military-aid funds to organize persons "who are residing in or escapees from" Russia and its satellites as "elements" of the N. A. T. O. forces or "for other purposes." Moscow says this clause "constitutes crass intervention . . . in the internal affairs" of other nations and is an "unparalleled violation of international law." Russia has also handed the United Nations Secretariat a formal request that the complaint be put on the agenda; and this will be done. Washington naturally takes the view that the Soviet move is not only groundless but also an example of unmitigated nerve; in debating terms this position can hardly be challenged, since nobody in the world outside the ranks of the devout would deny that Communist organizations in every country carry on whatever activities, subversive or otherwise, are best calculated to support Moscow's foreign policy. So if the State Department is merely looking for an unanswerable retort, it can adopt the role of kettle, point out the color of the pot that has called it black, and leave the matter there.

*

BUT THIS EASY COURSE ACTUALLY LEAVES the matter nowhere. For the Russian charge has raised an issue that is a real one and that cannot be disposed of by counter-charges against the Kremlin. This issue is whether the United States has adopted, or is planning to adopt, a policy of matching Soviet subversion by American subversion, meeting revolutionary tactics with counter-revolutionary tactics—in short, whether the United States is committed to the methods it has so often denounced as contemptible and underhanded when practiced by Communists. If so, then the consequences of the decision had better be dragged out and looked at, rather than stumbled into in the dark. It is our fixed belief that a policy of counter-revolution, such as is more than hinted at in the Mutual Security Act, is a policy of enormous danger, guaranteed to create dissension between us and our allies, render nonsensical all talk of disarmament or negotiated agreements, and start us on a course whose end is that "holy war" against communism which all sane persons view with unadulterated horror. However brazen his accusations, we may yet have reason to be grateful for Mr. Gromyko's intervention.

*

THE NEW YORK CITY BOARD OF EDUCATION has under consideration a resolution submitted by Superintendent of Schools William Jansen which greatly extends the present policy of disqualifying teachers for alleged membership in the Communist Party or for refusal to answer questions as to membership. The new resolution abandons all pretenses about "force and violence" and adds to the list of those "not qualified" to continue in the school system any employee "who advocates communism or fascism" or who is a member of "a subversive group advocating communism or fascism." The resolution specifically includes past membership in such groups as a basis for inquiry and states that "it is the duty of the teacher who may be the subject of such inquiry to make full and fair disclosure of the facts. Any failure or refusal on the part of any teacher to reveal the facts must be regarded as an act of insubordination." Would inability or refusal to name names and inform on colleagues be construed as a "failure to make full and fair disclosure"? The resolution goes far beyond any measure previously proposed. It provides for punishment on the grounds of past membership. It adopts a presumption of guilt rather than of innocence, placing the burden upon an accused teacher of proving the legitimate purposes of an organization and of its members. In fact, the resolution goes far beyond even New York's drastic Feinberg law, now being tested before the Supreme Court, both in scope and in its disregard of procedure safeguards. When this resolution, so fundamental to teacher tenure and public-school morale, was introduced, no teacher's organization or interested civic group was able to obtain copies of it in advance. Speakers were limited to three minutes. It would seem that the least the Board of Education could do

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would be to order public hearings with an ample opportunity for teachers, parents, and civic groups to be heard. The resolution should, of course, be dropped. Just when did "freedom from fear" turn into "the fear of freedom"?

*

ALL THE LOCKS ON CAMPUS BUILDINGS AND offices at Washington University in St. Louis have been changed in an attempt to frustrate a student ring that has been using a master key to obtain examination data. Five students have been dismissed, and the locksmiths have now protected the university's storehouse of information with new and stronger locks. A student survey made in the wake of the dismissals reveals that cheating is "fairly widespread" in all classes. "Discussion in university circles throughout the country," comments Chancellor Arthur H. Compton, "indicates that student insecurity over the draft and world conditions has led to a decline and breakdown in student behavior and has increased cheating." Somehow we are not convinced that a "breakdown" has actually occurred in student behavior. Is it not possible that students at Washington University, as elsewhere, have been confused about moral values by the strange behavior of their elders? In explaining why Negroes cannot be admitted to Washington University as undergraduates, Vice-Chancellor Leslie J. Buchan points out that the university cannot risk placing itself "outside the community" on this issue, despite the fact that St. Louis University has removed Jim Crow barriers without forfeiting community support. What community, one wonders, does Dr. Buchan have in mind—the community of bigotry and provincial prejudice or the community of free minds? A university that will not admit qualified Negro students to all departments, and cites expediency as the excuse for its default on principle, is hardly in a position to lecture students on a "breakdown" in moral values. As long as the university locks out Negroes, it has little reason to complain if a few students appropriate the master key which unlocks the answers to examination questions.

*

JUDGE MATTHEW F. McGUIRE HAS ENTERED a judgment of acquittal against Dr. W. E. B. DuBois and four co-defendants charged with violating the Foreign Agents Registration Act. The indictment, returned last February 9, charged that the Peace Information Center had acted as the agent for the World Congress of the Defenders of Peace in circulating the so-called Stockholm peace petition. After listening to O. John Rogge, the chief prosecution witness, Victory Lasky, and an FBI agent, Judge McGuire concluded that the government had not made out a case and directed the judgment of acquittal. From the evidence offered by the prosecution it is abundantly clear that the government never had a case, or anything remotely resembling a case,

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against any of the defendants. One can only conclude therefore that the original indictment was intended to intimidate the defendants and thereby to discourage the circulation of the Stockholm petition. Not only was the indictment an incredible propaganda blunder, but it is further evidence that a thorough house-cleaning in the Department of Justice is long overdue.

*

THE CELEBRATION IN NEW YORK DURING the week-end preceding Dr. William Heard Kilpatrick's eightieth birthday on November 20 turned into a tremendous demonstration of support for a school system that is public and democratic and of opposition to all attempts to undermine it. An overflow attendance showed the enthusiasm of educators for one of the century's great teachers and their interest in the battle for free schools. The presence of Willard Goslin, ousted as Pasadena's Superintendent of Schools in part because he had brought Kilpatrick to his faculty as a consultant, reminded those present that democratic educational values are under severe attack today. It is significant that the attendance was especially large and enthusiastic at the sessions sponsored by the American Education Fellowship, which has been attacked not only by Fulton Lewis, Jr., and similar apologists for the extreme right but even by a few voluble liberals who bemoan its reluctance to go along with the National Education Association and the American Federation of Teachers in their recent restrictions on academic freedom. The presence of a thousand admirers of Dr. Kilpatrick at the dinner which closed the conference was another indication of the strength of a philosophy of education that would, if it fulfilled its own intentions, actually transform democracy into a society where ordinary people learned what they most deeply desired from life and then how they could get it. Progressive ideas, as this timely demonstration indicated, are still very much the concern of American education.

*

PREMIER MOSSADEGH HAS RETURNED HOME to face a growing economic crisis with no more than an understanding that the United States will give "sympathetic consideration" to any Iranian request for a loan. Even this half-promise has disturbed London, which considers that Washington's tendency to view every diplomatic dispute purely in terms of its effect on the cold war invites blackmail. The British government does not believe that Premier Mossadegh's government must be upheld for fear of something worse; on the contrary, it believes that a change in Tehran would probably be for the better. Meanwhile, Whitehall appears to have viewed with moderate enthusiasm the State Department's efforts to persuade Mr. Mossadegh to compromise by agreeing to sign a contract with another big oil concern—possibly Royal Dutch-Shell—to run the Abadan refinery. This plan would involve recognition of Iran's title to the oil properties but would also require sale of the bulk of the output for a term of years to Anglo-Iranian at the world price. Mr. Mossadegh is believed to have objected that this plan would still leave Iran at the mercy of the handful of big international oil concerns which, he suspects with justification, constitute an informal cartel powerful enough to rig world prices. The State Department might have made more headway if its anxiety to get the Iranian problem settled had served to overcome its antipathy to the proposals put forward by Henry Morgenthau, Jr., and the International Cooperative Petroleum Alliance. Both these plans envisaged an effective internationalization of the production and sales management of Iranian oil, the first through the U. N., the second through an organization representing consumers' cooperatives in many countries. Assistant Secretary of State George McGhee, who conducted the negotiations with Mr. Mossadegh, would give no consideration to either. An oil man himself, he no doubt reflected the antagonism of the big oil interests to solutions of the problem that eliminated the profit motive.

Salute to Sponsor

THE trade journal *Sponsor* (radio and television advertising) merits a special bill-of-rights award for three excellent articles by Frank Rasky on the newsletter *Counterattack* which has terrorized radio and television for the last three years.

Counterattack ($24 a year) is published by American Business Consultants, which brought out "Red Channels" and which also operates an "anti-subversive" private intelligence service. The first issue of *Counterattack* appeared on May 16, 1947. Since then business has prospered, and the firm now occupies a seven-room suite and employs a staff of fourteen. The key executives are Ted Kirkpatrick, Jack Keenan, and Francis J. McNamara. Kirkpatrick and Keenan are alumni of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and all three are Catholics, which would be entirely irrelevant were it not for the close liaison known to exist between *Counterattack* and certain Catholic publications and the Catholic War Veterans. To be named in *Counterattack* or "Red Channels" while harmful, would not be brutally damaging if the publishers did not make a practice of calling the attention of advertising executives to persons on its black lists and of stimulating pressure campaigns to enforce a ban against them. The campaigns are usually launched about the time that a salesman calls to solicit special "research" business for American Business Consultants. If *Counter-*

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attack's activities were not synchronized with those of other organizations, its bark would be much worse than its bite. But its sleuths are merely the bloodhounds; behind them come hunters eager for the kill.

It was, of course, the Jean Muir case that first brought *Counterattack* and "Red Channels" to public notice. In August, 1950, General Foods, sponsor of the NBC-TV show "The Aldrich Family," received some two hundred telephone calls one week-end demanding the removal of Miss Muir from the cast on the ground that she had been named in "Red Channels." The company now admits that these calls came not from the general listening public but from certain veteran groups and the Joint Committee Against Communism. The Joint Committee is headed by that chronic busybody Rabbi Benjamin Schultz, who in 1947 was compelled to resign as rabbi of Temple Emanuel in Yonkers. Young and Rubicam, acting for General Foods, removed Miss Muir from the show without giving her a chance to refute the charge implied in the listing and, indeed, without inquiring into the facts.

General Foods received 3,300 letters protesting against the removal of Miss Muir from the cast and 2,065 letters approving it. Later it was discovered that 80 per cent of the letters of approval had been inspired by articles which had appeared in two Catholic publications. The letters written "independently of pressure-group stimulus" were three to one against Miss Muir's dismissal. A nation-wide Gallup poll found that less than 40 per cent of the people questioned had ever heard of the Muir case and of those who had, less than 3 per cent associated it with either General Foods or Jell-O, the product advertised on the program. Apparently Jell-O, with or without Miss Muir, is still Jell-O. Furthermore, 90 per cent of the newspaper editorials on the case took a strong position against "kangaroo" courts, private Gestapos, and the firing of Miss Muir. Despite this impressive evidence that General Foods had been intimidated by a handful of zealots, *Counterattack* still has the $500,000,000-a-year broadcasting industry toeing its particular line. More than twelve important sponsors and agencies pay—and pay well—for the publication's "clearance" services.

Counterattack's rise to power is in part to be accounted for by the well-known desire of executives to avoid "controversy" in an industry that is peculiarly vulnerable to pressure campaigns and, above all, to ward off an official inquisition by Senator McCarran. But the facts indicate more than a lack of courage or understanding. The industry's executives now know that *Counterattack* can threaten more easily than it can harm them. They are also well aware that each yielding to this kind of pressure augments a power that could become truly formidable. What their attitude implies, therefore, is not so much a failure of nerve or of understanding as a failure of conscience. The executives interviewed by *Sponsor* speak as though they had no obligation other than to make money and avoid "controversy." Even the best of them are not revolted by the idea of a black list; what they want is something "more authoritative" than *Counterattack*, which by becoming controversial is proving mildly embarrassing.

THE ability of the private Gestapos to harm innocent individuals—the death of that fine actress Mady Christians, according to Elmer Rice, "was hastened, if not actually caused, by the small-souled witch-hunters who make a fine art of character assassination"—could easily be ended if there were a will to end it. The law is not powerless to deal with concerted efforts to strip citizens of their rights without due process of law. Congress has not yet sanctioned conspiracies in restraint of trade. The Federal Communications Commission might conceivably be induced to revoke the license of radio stations carrying programs whose sponsors are known to use black lists. It is intolerable that American citizens should be forced to go—as scores of naive and miserable radio entertainers have gone—to the offices of *Counterattack* to plead their innocence and to petition for mercy as if they were before some awesome legal tribunal. While an investigation of *Counterattack* is clearly in order, an investigation of the organizations that give meaning to its listings would be of much greater significance. *Counterattack* is not the evil; the evil is thought control. Behind *Counterattack* stands the authority of President Truman's loyalty-review program and the black lists prepared by the Attorney General of the United States, the McCarran act, the Smith act, the House Committee on Un-American Activities, the Subcommittee on Internal Security, the Americanism Committee of the American Legion, and the Catholic War Veterans.

If "the troubled air" is to be untroubled in America, thought control must be rejected in principle. Quiet offstage inquisitions are even more offensive than the noisy on-stage variety; gray lists are as objectionable as black lists. Nor can the fallacies of the demagogue be exposed by granting major premises and then quibbling about conclusions. The issue is not how black lists can be politely enforced with a minimum of "controversy" and unpleasantness; the issue is whether belief is to be free or fettered in America.

CORRECTION: In its November 17 issue, *The Nation* reported that "the New Boston Committee's entire slate won by the largest majority in the city's history." Actually the entire slate did not win. The N. B. C. captured five of the nine City Council seats, and four of the five on the city's School Board.

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The Atlantic—a Troubled Sea

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

Paris, November 24

THE debate on disarmament dragged almost to a halt after Mr. Acheson's speech on Monday amplifying the Western proposal and arguing its merits. Not until today, when Mr. Vishinsky replied, did the discussion come to life. Vishinsky charged Acheson with lack of farsightedness in advocating a "tough policy" toward Russia and then proposed twelve amendments to the Western plan. Although the amendments leave the major contestants leagues apart, they at least offer the possibility that discussions in the coming weeks will descend from generalities and endless reciprocal accusations to the very concrete issues of disarmament and atomic control on which there must be a yes-or-no decision.

But the main attention here has been focused on the North Atlantic Treaty Council meeting at Rome today. The date of the conference has been changed several times, the French having tried to put it off until January in the hope that by then some of the problems worrying European Finance Ministers would at least be clarified. But the Americans and the Canadian Foreign Minister, Lester Pearson, president of the conference, insisted on the original date—even though the Harriman report is not ready—in the belief that something must be done at once to check the rumors of serious disagreement in the Temporary Council Committee. The Rome conference is intended above all to reassure the N. A .T .O.

The principal causes for alarm have been, first, the revelations of the appalling economic difficulties into which rearmament has plunged all the Western European countries, revelations not made by the opposition press but by the highest government officials; and, second, the growing feeling in the United States against more financial aid to Europe.

At the six-power meeting held in Paris as a preliminary to the Rome meeting, the basic task of recruiting and training an international army of fifty divisions was advanced little beyond the well-known planning stage. Official reports expressed complete confidence; spokesmen for the six governments praised the truly "European" spirit that prevailed and declared that the "planning" was practically completed. But in reality the economic crisis caused by the mere beginning of rearmament weighed heavily on the delegates.

On certain issues considerable progress can be reported to the Rome meeting. It was decided not to have a European High Command in the strictly military sense but a civilian Defense Commissioner and Board charged with raising, training, and equipping an agreed number of divisions, which would then be put at the disposal of the Atlantic High Command; the appointment of Paul-Henri Spaak, the former Belgian Premier and chairman of the Strasbourg European Assembly, as the first Defense Commissioner seems likely to receive unanimous support. It was decided also that the divisions would be nationally homogeneous; this means that instead of the "combat teams" of 5,000 men which the Pleven plan originally demanded in order to prevent the revival of the Wehrmacht, the French will be asked to accept "European divisions" of about 18,000 national troops.

It was also agreed that if economic conditions do not improve and the burden of rearmament on the workers causes serious internal disturbances, the participating governments may ask permission to use their national forces. Thus a double front is to be maintained —to the satisfaction of the Americans and the reactionary European governments—against both Russian communism and the masses who may some day rise in protest against their miserable living standards.

But even these decisions, which to some extent balance the disappointments of recent weeks, are more "formal" than substantial. The crucial question of who will pay the bill for rearmament remains unanswered. Nor is it likely that this and other ticklish questions will find an answer in Rome either. The Rome meeting, heralded since Ottawa as "definitive," will again be only a rehearsal for the "definitive" meeting to be held in January after Churchill's return from Washington. One of the reasons why the Quai d'Orsay wanted to postpone the Rome conference was its hope that Churchill's visit might produce some remedy for the situation. It is thought here that Churchill's famous remark about the danger to which Europe is exposed by being the chief European base for atomic bombers was intended to prepare Washington for new demands.

But one very vital aspect of the rearmament problem will be established at Rome, and that is America's determination to push ahead in its policy of creating "situations of strength" no matter how weak the political, military, and economic position of its European partners. The North Atlantic Council will learn from the report of General Eisenhower that some European countries have, under economic duress, shelved important parts of the rearmament program while other parts are sagging. But the United States may react by modifying drastically its original plan: first, superseding the attempt to meet Soviet divisions on approximately equal numerical terms with a new concept of an air shield behind which the build-up of an army could be achieved; second, sending to Europe more American divisions than was previously intended and then replacing them with the European divisions which are slowly coming into being. And of course by developing to its fullest extent the plan for rearming Germany. If this course should be adopted, the European countries could not expect exactly the same

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kind of American support as if they had "behaved better," but would receive the indirect protection afforded by American aviation and by American forces whose main objective would be to insure the full use of their European bases and to serve America's own strategy. Some people think this plan would act as effective pressure on the "lazy" European countries; others fear it would push them toward neutralism.

Developments in the past two months have made it clear that a conflict often exists between the interests of the Atlantic community as a whole and the interests of individual members. This difficulty was foreseen in some quarters when the Atlantic Pact was first formulated. It is in fact an inevitable result of the enormous disproportion between the economic strength and high living standards of the United States and those of its European partners. For these reasons the Atlantic, these days, is a troubled sea.

Britain's Point of No Return

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

HOW far have six years of Labor government produced permanent social and economic changes in Britain? Is it true, as Raymond Moley asserted in *Newsweek* of November 5, that the narrow Tory victory means that "socialism as a policy has been weighed, tasted, tested, and repudiated"? Time will show, but I suspect that Mr. Moley and other American conservatives will do well to restrain their enthusiasm until Churchill's administration is able to report genuine progress in reassembling the capitalist Humpty-Dumpty.

It is true that the King's Speech in which Mr. Churchill outlined his program to Parliament promised "to stimulate free enterprise by giving it a fuller share in our economic activity" and to annul controls and regulations when possible. But the first action of the new Chancellor of the Exchequer has been restrictive: like Sir Stafford Cripps he has had to impose new controls on imports and investments in order to meet the twin problems of external deficit and internal inflation.

Perhaps Mr. Moley can find some consolation in the Tory undertaking to introduce legislation denationalizing the iron and steel industry. However, according to a correspondent of the *Wall Street Journal*, the implementation of this promise is already giving Mr. Churchill and his colleagues "a booming headache," even though this particular egg has not been too badly scrambled. When ownership of the steel industry passed to the state last year, its structure was left intact. Its various units continued to operate under their old managements, but stockholders surrendered their shares to the Iron and Steel Corporation—in effect a state holding company—taking in exchange government-guaranteed 3½ per cent steel bonds. On paper it might seem simple enough to reverse this process; in practice there are serious obstacles.

Many of these bonds have been dispersed in the market, and some of the new owners—for example, the insurance companies, which have bought up large amounts—are probably unwilling to exchange a risk-free investment for equities. A public sale of shares in some 160 iron-and-steel companies worth around $652,000,000 would be a tricky piece of financing, particularly as the Labor Party has announced that should it return to power—hardly a remote contingency—it would promptly renationalize the industry. "However much individuals and institutions may approve the Conservative Party's politics," the *Financial Times* of London comments, "they are hardly likely to refinance the steel industry unless they have some assurance of continuity." Assuming this difficulty can be overcome, there is the further question of whether the investment can be made attractive enough in view of the fact that the Tories' promised excess-profits tax will cut down earnings. When nationalization took place, stockholders protested that the price offered by the government for their shares was too low. It does not follow that a new set of investors would be prepared to buy back the shares at the same price; yet the Tories, who supported the complaint that the Labor government was enforcing a harsh bargain, would expose themselves to criticism if they resold at a loss.

If the government, in spite of these difficulties, succeeds in returning the steel industry to private enterprise, British capitalism will regain a little of the ground lost since 1945 but will hardly be able to claim a major victory. In my opinion the most irrevocable change wrought by the Labor government was not in the field of formal socialism, even though it brought some 20 per cent of British industry under public ownership. Of much greater consequence was the progress achieved in redistributing the national income, a process very painful to those who have been leveled down but very satisfying to the infinitely larger number who have been leveled up. It will not be easy for a democratically elected government to reverse this process, and the Tories have been careful to disclaim any intention of doing so. Yet it is also true that equalitarianism and capitalism do not make a good team; so if the Tories do keep their pledges

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to maintain the welfare state they are bound to disappoint those who expect them to give free enterprise its head.

Some of the concrete results of the policy of redistribution, summed up by the Labor Party in the phrase "fair shares," are made clear in a book, "Poverty and the Welfare State," by B. Seebohm Rowntree and G. R. Lavers.* This is the third study of working-class conditions in York conducted by Mr. Rowntree. His first, made over fifty years ago, threw a sharp light on the causes and effects of poverty and, together with Charles Booth's classic "Life and Labor in London," played an important part in that awakening of the public conscience which laid the moral foundations for the welfare state. In 1899, his survey showed, nearly 28 per cent of the entire population of York, a fairly prosperous city with a considerable middle-class element, were living "below the poverty line"—that is to say, on incomes insufficient to provide the minimum necessities for the maintenance of physical efficiency.

In 1936, when Mr. Rowntree made his second study of York, he found that though unemployment that year was much heavier than in 1899, the proportion of the population living below the poverty line was only half as great. Undoubtedly this improvement was related to the wide extension of welfare legislation that had occurred during the intervening years. Old-age and widows' pensions, health and unemployment insurance, and workmen's-compensation laws had softened the impact of some of the hazards of life that were apt to plunge working-class families below the poverty line. In the same period the growth of trade unionism and the adoption of minimum-wage laws for sweated trades had helped to raise the general standard of living.

But if the "Giant Want"—to use Lord Beveridge's phrase—had been forced to retreat since 1899, he was still potent. In his 1936 inquiry Mr. Rowntree adopted a "human-needs standard" which, while still austere, was not quite so rigorous as the subsistence standard previously employed. He now listed as below the poverty line those families whose incomes were inadequate to pay for enough food for physical efficiency, clothing sufficient for health and respectability, heat, light, and household necessities, and to leave a small margin for recreation and emergencies. By this test, 17.8 per cent of the population of York (31.1 per cent of the working-class population) were living in poverty in 1936.

Fourteen years later a very different situation was revealed. Using the same test, Mr. Rowntree and his collaborator, Mr. Lavers, found that in 1950 only 2.77 per cent of the working-class population were still below the poverty line. Chief among the reasons for this astonishing transformation are full employment, higher wages, and the new social benefits, including subsidies which keep down food prices and rents. "Not a single family," Rowntree and Lavers note, "is in poverty due to the unemployment of an able-bodied member, although in a large proportion of the families classified as in poverty due to sickness [21.3 per cent of the cases] the chief wage-earner is permanently unable to work because of his ailments."

Any considerable increase in unemployment would soon change this situation for the worse. A 5 per cent unemployment rate, Rowntree and Lavers estimate, would mean that 7.61 per cent of working-class families would drop below the poverty line; with 10 per cent unemployment, 10.55 per cent.

In one chapter the authors of this book endeavor to calculate the effect on incomes of those welfare measures that have been introduced or extended since 1936. To do so they had to take into account not only increases in pensions but the value of food subsidies, family allowances, school milk, cheap milk for infants, and free school meals, and to offset against the total the increase in social-security contributions. Without the welfare legislation of the last fourteen years, they conclude, 22.18 per cent of the working-class population would be living in poverty instead of 2.77 per cent.

I have summarized in some detail the findings of this social survey because they do much, I think, to explain why the Labor Party commanded such loyal support at the general election that, despite the loss of its Parliamentary majority, it polled more votes than the Tories.

EVEN if the new Tory government had a stronger majority, it would perforce be wary of making legislative changes that would alter the situation uncovered by the York survey. Much as the Tories might like to cut down welfare expenditure in order to reduce taxes, or to induce a little unemployment in order to "restore industrial discipline" and make wage demands easier to resist, they cannot forget that they will have to face the electorate again in a few years. Other Tory administrations in this century have been able to dole out modest concessions to the workers without upsetting too seriously a status quo favorable to property-owners and business men. But six years of Labor government has established a new status quo, has brought about a division of the national cake which, as the following table shows, has considerably increased the size of the slice going to the workers.

Percentage Distribution of Personal Income in Britain after Income Taxes

	1938	*1950*
Wages	40.2	48.4
Salaries	25.2	25.6
Rent, dividends, and interest	34.6	26.0

*Longmans, Green and Company, London; to be published shortly by Longmans, Green and Company, New York.

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It may be that the costs of rearmament, coupled with Britain's foreign-trade difficulties, will shrink the size of the national cake in the next year or two and compel all groups to accept smaller slices. But will the Churchill government be able to reverse the trend indicated in the table and reduce the proportion going to wages and salaries? Certainly it will be pressed to do so by the men of property who form the hard core of the Tory Party. But will the government dare to make the drastic cuts in the scope and costs of the social services without which there can be no appreciable reduction in taxes on the larger incomes, as least as long as defense costs loom so large in the budget? Deliberately to diminish the welfare of the majority of the voters in order to increase that of a minority is not, I suspect, practical politics under conditions of universal suffrage.

On the other hand, it is perfectly true that the burden of taxation on medium as well as large incomes required to pay for the benefits of the welfare state does seriously impede the efficient operation of a private-enterprise economy. Today only a handful of Britons enjoy net incomes exceeding $25,000—owing to the steepness of income-tax graduation up to a top bracket of $42,000, beyond which the Treasury takes 97½ per cent. This both weakens the incentives of private enterprise and restricts the accumulation of savings by those who in the past have provided the bulk of business capital.

Thus the redistribution of income impels the state to take over some of the functions of the entrepreneur. To any government undertaking to maintain full employment the provision of investment funds to industry must be a matter of prime concern. If private channels are partially blocked, for reasons of social policy, then public channels must be created and steps taken to see that capital flows through them in sufficient amounts. This was one of the prime objectives of the Labor government's planning, and during the past six years Britain, in fact, invested a larger proportion of its national income than in 1938—one-fifth compared to one-seventh. The Tory government, I suspect, will have to follow similar methods if it is not to incur the political and economic risks of large-scale unemployment. Yet free enterprise cannot really be "liberated" so long as responsibility for deciding the extent and main direction of investment depends, not on the market, but on a central planning authority. Hence it seems that the progress made by Labor in redistributing national income rather than the partial nationalization of industry has brought Britain to a way station along the road to socialism from which there can be no turning back so long as a majority of the people believe that a stable society must be built on security for the masses.

The Collier's *War: Europe Says No!*

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris

I WISH our American friends and allies could realize the impression that the famous issue of *Collier's* on World War III has made in Europe, particularly in France. Months of intensive Communist propaganda, millions of dollars of "Moscow gold," could not have done half as much to make the United States—if I say unpopular, that is putting it *very* mildly. In the past few weeks I have not heard a single discussion of world affairs in which somebody, sooner or later, did not bring up *Collier's,* with the side defending the United States promptly reduced to silence or embarrassed mumbling, usually to the effect that "this isn't the official policy."

The general resentment springs in part from the fact that millions of Americans are given the idea that World War III will be a good and just war, and that the Russians "want to be liberated"—a more than debatable point—even at the price of seeing all their cities destroyed and 32,000,000 of their men, women, and children killed (Marguerite Higgins's cheerful estimate). Nor do people here care for the assumption that the height of bliss for the New Russia—and, I suppose, the New Europe—will consist in reading translations of *Reader's Digest, Time, Life, Newsweek,* and *"Kolliers,"* and in having leg shows in place of the Russian ballet and the Moscow Art Theater. *"Kolliers"* may no doubt make more amusing reading than *Pravda,* but behind this oversimplification is an implicit contempt for not only the Russian but also the European way of life.

Resentment is also aroused by the issue's clear if discreetly camouflaged acceptance of the atomic destruction of London and other great capitals and its insane disregard of the fact that when the world has been half-destroyed by atom bombs, economic and human forces will be set loose among the survivors in Russia and China which just cannot be limited to a desire for nylon stockings and *Reader's Digest.* Not to mention the fact—obscured in the minds of Americans and West Europeans by years of one-sided propaganda—that Russia in case of war may well produce, not that gigantic

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"revolt of the slaves" so dear to the imagination of Mr. Koestler, but another manifestation of the spirit of Stalingrad. For what is the evidence, especially if 32,000,000 Russians are to be killed by atom bombs, that American—or U. N.—forces invading Russia will be loved any more than the Germans were last time? *Time* and *Life* in Russian, Coca-Cola, and the incomparable sex appeal of the G. I.'s, clearly hinted at by *Collier's*, may not prove enough, even if the war is *not* like the present war in Korea. And how does one know it won't be?

THE first detailed summary of the famous issue to appear here was a three-column article in the *Monde* of October 31, which said among other things:

> *Collier's* is not likely to have much influence on Stalin in "making him listen to reason." But the effect in America will obviously not be to create a climate favorable to better international understanding. . . . These scare stories are calculated to frighten the average American reader, but also to make him accept the idea of war the more readily and cheerfully, since it will, so he is told, end in victory. At the same time the magazine appeals to the American feeling of self-righteousness with the constant suggestion that the war would be a "war of liberation"—the liberation of people whose only desire is to revel in the joys of the American way of life. . . . Technically, it is a brilliant job, and will no doubt be a stupendous commercial success, which will more than cover the high fees paid to the magazine's eminent contributors.

After this nasty but well-deserved crack—people here were particularly shocked that an Englishman like J. B. Priestley should appear among the contributors to the issue—the article concluded: "But, contrary to what its editors claim, it is more than doubtful that it will serve the cause of peace." The writer of the article, Henri Pierre, the *Monde's* Washington correspondent, noted regretfully that the invasion and destruction of Europe were mentioned only incidentally, without any details, in the course of the "epic" story.

The Communist press, of course, hooted with joy over the issue. Nothing in the world could have better served their anti-American propaganda.

The right-wing French papers tried to play it down, with the exception of one rather feeble attempt by *Paris-Presse* to present it as an "exciting stunt"—the people one saw in the Métro looking at the page of reproductions from *Collier's* were certainly "not amused." Serious commentators expressed regret that nothing should have been done by the State Department to disavow it, all the more so as numerous stories had clearly suggested that some very important people in Washington had helped in the production. The United States embassy in Paris was stunned by the hostile reaction provoked in France, and, indeed, throughout Western Europe wherever someone was "tactless" enough to tell newspaper readers about it—as, for example, the *New Statesman* and the *Sunday Pictorial* did in England, the latter having a circulation of five and a half million.

L'Observateur had the bright idea of printing bits of *Collier's* "turned around." Thus the cover was reproduced with a Russian soldier pointing a bayonet at the map of America and a red flag flying over Washington; one picture showed General Eisenhower being captured by Russian soldiers. "What would people say if a Moscow magazine appeared with the *Collier's* story turned around?" it asked.

Collier's has managed not only to make the United States odious in the eyes of millions of Europeans—as years of Communist propaganda have not done—but also to make it rather ridiculous. The *Canard Enchaîné,* a leftish sheet but anything but Communist, published a biting skit on *Collier's* called "The Next War Will Have Been Won by the *Canard Enchaîné!*" One day, the story goes, both America and Russia were atom-bombed to pieces, almost at the same moment.

> There was panic at the Ministry of Finance. "What about the Marshall Plan instalment to balance our budget?" It was certainly a blow. . . . In the Place de la Concorde there were demonstrations, one crowd shouting: "On to New York!" the other "On to Moscow!" When they were finally told that neither place was in existence, they joined forces, sang the "Marseillaise," marched past the statue of Jeanne d'Arc, and then dispersed to their respective bistros.

Then months passed, according to the story, and one day some bold explorers landed in Florida and others were parachuted into Russia. The first group cabled: "There are still some people alive in the United States. They are sleeping on straw mats in what was New York." To get help for them the *Canard* issued an appeal: "These poor people must be reeducated. They must learn to live, which they never managed to do in their days of splendor." This program, the *Canard* continues, aroused such enthusiasm that the paper was intrusted with the task by the Rescue Operations Administration. Its first report from New York, dated November 5, 1955, ran:

> Our first contact with the tribes of North America has been very successful. Ten Angling Societies have already been established, and this peaceful sport has killed all desire for baseball and television. . . . French cooking has been a brilliant success. . . . The Brillat-Savarin Club of Good Eating has already a million members.

After describing similar successes on the Wine Front, the dispatch went on:

> An Anti-Robot League has been created. One of its tasks is to destroy all the machinery still to be found among the ruins. No more automobiles, planes, radio,

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or television, no more refrigerators, washing machines, eating machines, drinking machines, or love-making machines. The use of slogans is strictly prohibited. People are beginning to think for themselves. Charlie Chaplin, president of the Anti-Robot League, has been elected President of the United States.

This was one of the more "pleasant" European reactions to *Collier's*. But it too shows that Europe's respect for the United States has scarcely been increased. Is Western Europe as unimportant in the general scheme of things as it appears to be in "The War We Do Not Want"?

THE BATTLE FOR FREE SCHOOLS

Education Is Not Expendable

BY FREDERICK C. McLAUGHLIN

ON A cool, pleasant evening early last June, the qualified voters of Levittown, Long Island, turned down a proposal for building a new school for the children of their brand-new community. The unique thing about this decision was that it was taken by a group of voters composed largely of parents of children of early-school or pre-school age. Opposition to bond issues or increased school expenditures comes as a rule from persons without children in public school. Undoubtedly there were some such persons in Levittown, but the outcome mainly resulted from other factors which are becoming important in lower- or even middle-income communities—steadily rising taxes and cost of living.

Although average per pupil expenditures over the United States have roughly doubled since 1939—$108 to $213—so have costs. The retail price index has advanced nearly 90 per cent and wholesale prices 114 per cent in the same period. It takes $2.25 today to build what $1 would build in 1950. Raising teachers' salaries and meeting other higher school costs has required more money. Many of the recent attacks on public education discussed in earlier articles in this series began over the issue of increased outlays. It is hard for people to equate the cost of education with the cost of hamburger, and they are likely to expect that any increase in expenditure per child for education will result in a net gain. In Pasadena the necessity for increasing the tax rate for elementary schools was questioned and attacked as if the money were to be spent for adding new and improved services instead of simply maintaining the schools at approximately the level of previous years.

Even without the factor of rising enrolments, inflation has compelled every school board in the country to seek the voters' authority for higher budgets and has thus provided an opportunity for those opposed to public education to launch new attacks. That such groups have been successful is borne out, to some extent, by the drop in the percentage of personal income devoted to public education. This has fallen from 3.2 per cent in 1937-38 to 2.2 per cent in 1950-51. Only four states devoted as large a percentage of income to education in 1949-50 as in 1937-38.

Inflation is not the only problem that has been seriously affecting public schools since 1946. Equally important is the increase and continuing high level of the birth rate. In 1948 live births per thousand population reached 24.2 as compared with the 1939-40 figure of 17.3. This was not very surprising, but neither sociologists nor school statisticians expected the high rate of births to continue at or near the post-war peak.

Enrolments in public elementary schools declined steadily from 1936 until 1946, when there were 17,375,000 children in school, kindergarten through eighth grade. By 1950 the total had reached approximately 20,000,000 in the elementary schools, a jump of 13 per cent. The decrease in secondary-school enrolment during this period was not an offsetting factor, since neither teachers nor facilities were suitable for both levels. In a forecast released in May, 1950, the United States Office of Education predicted a steady rise in public-school enrolment from 25,591,000 in 1950 to 32,251,000 in 1958. It may be noted that non-public-school enrolment —largely parochial—now constitutes 12 per cent of the total. It has increased 24 per cent in the past ten years, or at a rate nearly twice that of public schools.

The problem of providing buildings, equipment, and teachers for 7,000,000 children in eight years is complicated by the pattern of population growth, which varies within a given community. The trend in most cities is away from their centers into suburban areas or from older sections into new multiple-unit housing projects, which leaves some schools partially empty and others

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operating on double or even triple sessions. The vast interstate and interregional migrations that took place during the war added to the problem. Expanded communities have had to cope not only with the abnormally high birth rate but with significant rises due to immigration. This largely accounts for California in 1950-51 having the highest proportion (9 per cent) of pupils in the nation on short-time session. The desperateness of the situation created by the mushroom growth of war industry is indicated by the fact that Congress last year provided funds for building and operating schools in some six hundred districts seriously affected by federal activities—despite powerful opposition which has blocked federal aid to schools for half a century.

In order to seat the oncoming crop of school-age youngsters, an estimated 270,000 more classrooms will be required in the next ten years. In addition, approximately 150,000 classrooms are needed throughout the nation to replace worn-out, obsolete, and hazardous structures. In Indiana, for instance, a 1948 study revealed that 79 per cent of the state's school buildings were of non-fire-resistant construction and that 28 per cent were fifty or more years old. Even in New York City one-third of the 900 school buildings in use are either non-fireproof or only partially so, and one-quarter have passed the half-century mark, at which experts say they should be retired. In the next decade 420,000 classrooms must be built simply to keep school services at par.

School planners arrive at a grand total of 520,000 new classroom units needed between now and 1960—including 40,000 for expanding kindergarten and community and college facilities and 60,000 to complete the reorganization of small rural districts. Costs estimated to average $27,000 per classroom, including related facilities, would come to $1,400,000,000 per year over the ten-year period. The cost value of all public-school property in 1948 was $9,212,000,000. In 1949 contracts were awarded for 4,900 public-school buildings or additions. In January, 1950, 12,500 classrooms were found to be under construction—enough to take care of about one-third of the 237,000 pupils estimated to be on short time. According to a recent estimate a total of 20,000 public schools, costing three billion dollars, has been constructed in the five years since the end of the war. At this rate it will take nearly twenty-five years to build the schools required before 1960.

THE need for classrooms is matched by the need for teachers. The story of the exodus of trained teachers into better-paying jobs during and immediately after the war is all too familiar. Three hundred thousand persons left the profession between 1939 and 1945, a blow from which the schools have not yet recovered. The National Education Association has estimated that during the school year 1950-51 some 80,000 employed teachers had substandard certificates. In other words, nearly 10 per cent of all teachers are still not properly qualified for their jobs. Thus 125,000 more teachers will have to be trained annually to meet the turnover of about 10 per cent—twice what it was before the war; to provide 250,000 additional teachers for the increased enrolment; and to replace 50 per cent of the holders of substandard certificates.

Unfortunately, the students now in training come nowhere near to meeting this demand. Nation-wide in 1950 there were three elementary teachers available for every twelve needed. This year the colleges and universities of the nation graduated 32,000 elementary teachers against a need of between 90,000 and 100,000.

The chief explanation of the continuing and prospective teacher shortage is low salaries. In 1950-51 the average annual salary of teachers in public elementary and secondary schools was $2,980. Although this was a gain of $1,400 over 1938-39, the $2,980 was still worth only 1,715 pre-war (1935-39) dollars.

While teachers and other instructional personnel were upping their incomes 105 per cent, lawyers increased theirs 184 per cent and dentists 261 per cent. The average income of dentists in 1949 was almost two and a half times that of teachers; lawyers and physicians received three to four times as much.

The failure of teachers' salaries to keep up with the general trend reflects the failure of teachers to organize. College teachers, almost completely unorganized, have fallen even farther behind than secondary and elementary school teachers. The Commission on Financing Higher Education found that "colleges and universities in the last decade have been able to raise faculty salaries only 40 to 50 per cent." A survey last winter revealed that teachers in the two high schools nearest Queens College in New York City averaged more per year than teachers in the college. A stronger national union that would raise salaries and thus attract better teachers would benefit the profession, the schools, and the children.

Both public and private colleges and universities are facing difficult problems caused by post-war inflation. Though they have raised student fees between 51 and 80 per cent over the past ten years, their financial condition grows steadily more precarious. Income from endowments, gifts, and government appropriations have not kept pace with rising costs. In public colleges funds from state and local taxes provided 70 per cent of the educational income in 1940, but less than 60 per cent in 1948. Privately supported colleges and universities increased their dependence on student fees in almost a like proportion: endowment earnings provided 23.4 per cent of all educational income for these institutions in 1940 but only 11.8 per cent in 1948.

Nearly all states now furnish some type of state aid for public elementary and secondary schools, in

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order partially to equalize the educational opportunities within state boundaries. Between 1939-40 and 1947-48 state aid for schools increased 123 per cent in the country as a whole. At present 45 per cent of all school funds come from state sources, 53 per cent from local taxes, and 2 per cent from the federal government. The last figure is a story in itself. The failure of the federal government to do anything about the inequality of educational opportunity in the United States is one of the blackest spots on its record.

The best single index of the quality of the school is the expenditure per pupil. In 1947-48 New York, New Jersey, and Illinois spent four times as much per child on education as Mississippi and nearly three times as much as seven other Southern states. In the states with the lowest expenditures per child are found practically all the factors associated with poor educational opportunities. South Carolina in 1947-48 had only 13 per cent of its enrolment in high school as against 28 per cent for the nation. Ten of the twelve states with the lowest percentage of school-age children in school are in the South, where expenditures are lowest. In Louisiana nearly 36 per cent of persons twenty-five years old or older had had less than five years of schooling as against 4 per cent in Iowa and 13.5 per cent in the United States. More than a million men were found to be educationally deficient when inducted into the army from 1940 through 1944. Four per thousand of these registrants were found in Oregon as against 155 per thousand in South Carolina. Eleven of the twelve states with the highest percentage of rejection by the armed forces for educational deficiency were in the South.

EDUCATED PEOPLE NEEDED FOR DEFENSE OF DEMOCRACY
SCHOOL
STEEL ALLOCATION FOR SCHOOL CONSTRUCTION IS BELOW MINIMUM NEEDS

Herblock—courtesy Washington *Post*

For Want of a Nail a Shoe Was Lost

It is important to note in this connection that many of these states rank high in their effort to support the public schools. South Carolina, for example, devoted 2.65 per cent of its annual income to current school expenditures in 1947-48 as against 1.85 per cent for New York and 2.11 per cent for the United States as a whole. Only three of the twelve states ranking lowest in expenditures per child in 1947-48 were not making a greater than average effort—that is, spending more than 2.11 per cent of their income to support their schools.

That most Southern states, despite these efforts, are not providing acceptable schools is explained of course by their relatively low income. Mississippi, for example, had a per capita income in 1948 of $753, against $1,803 for New York and $1,387 for the United States as a whole. Among the twelve states with the lowest per capita incomes New Mexico and Oklahoma are the only two not located in the Southeast. Ten of these twelve poorest states were found among the twelve having the largest number of school-age children per 1,000 population. This fact further accentuates income differences, and is the reason why New York, with only 2½ times the per capita income of Mississippi, had in 1948 four times as much income per child—$10,578 as against $2,622. The nine wealthiest states were thus able to provide twice as good schools with the same relative financial effort as the nine with the lowest per pupil income.

There is only one remedy for this un-American and dangerous inequality of educational opportunity—*federal aid to public schools*. The half-educated or illiterate citizen is a liability in time of peace as well as in war. The federal government has a clear duty to see that all citizens are as well equipped as possible to carry out their civic and military duties.

"Education faces temporary bankruptcy in its steel supply" was the heading of a recent item in the *Educator's Dispatch* which told of the failure of the National Production Authority to grant priorities for new schools. They were included among "less essential building projects." This profound misunderstanding of the importance of education on the part of lawmakers can be matched too often among everyday citizens. The voters of Levittown, worried about meeting their taxes and mortgage payments, perhaps do not realize that as members of the American consuming public they spent in 1949 about 5 per cent of their total income on alcoholic beverages, 6 per cent on recreation, and 10 per cent on automobiles and travel, *but only 2 per cent on education.*

This situation is as dangerous for a nation as it is unwise for an individual. To neglect education in this highly competitive and technological world is to jeopardize our own survival.

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The Revolt Against Joe Ryan

BY ALEINE AUSTIN

THE fourth eruption of discontent among East Coast longshoremen in the last six years was finally brought under control when the dockworkers started "shaping up" for work on November 9, almost a month after they had "hit the bricks" in protest against "another Ryan sell-out agreement." This was much more than an economic strike; it was a revolt against all that Joe Ryan symbolizes—against the corrupt, despotic leadership of the International Longshoremen's Association, against underworld domination of the waterfront and the resulting abysmal conditions of longshore life and work. Largely because of their own inadequate leadership the men failed to defeat the forces exploiting them, but their revolt was not crushed; it was merely aborted—temporarily.

That underworld elements have long been used to control the New York waterfront is a matter of public knowledge. "The underworld's influence," to quote from the New York *Times,* "now is interlocked with the workings of the International Longshoremen's Association." The connection is most apparent in the shape-up, the primitive system by which longshoremen are still hired on the East Coast. Early each morning hundreds of longshoremen gather at a pier and wait for the "shaping boss" to select dockers for the morning shift. The shaping boss is in effect a foreman, although he is a union member and appointed through the influence of union officials. The job of shaping boss is made to order for the racketeer. For one thing, he can demand kickbacks. Or he can hire "short gangs"—eighteen men instead of the usual twenty-two—and pocket the wages of the other four. Or he can cooperate with criminals in stealing and smuggling. The extent of waterfront looting is staggering. According to *Fortune* (June, 1951), "theft and pilferage in the post-war peak years amounted, so far as insurance companies know, to sixty million dollars a year."

It is hardly surprising, therefore, that many shaping bosses have criminal backgrounds. Pier 84, dominated by what longshoremen call the "pistol local," is ruled by a shaping boss with a record of nineteen arrests, three for murder. The boss of Pier 88 has twice been convicted of grand larceny. Anthony Anastasio, brother of Albert Anastasia of Murder, Inc., is one of the better-known shaping bosses on the Brooklyn waterfront. According to testimony before the Kefauver committee last spring, Tony Anastasio was paid $1,000 a day by the Phelps-Dodge Company to round up strike-breakers and put them into action against striking electrical workers in Elizabeth, New Jersey.

Officials of the shipping and stevedoring companies apparently believe that there are definite advantages in this corrupt control of the waterfront despite the loss of millions in thefts. One stevedoring-company official was quoted as follows by the *Fortune* article: "Now about criminals working on the docks. This may sound terrible to you, but I don't care whether they are criminals or not, just as long as they don't hurt me. In fact, to be perfectly frank, if I have a choice of hiring a tough ex-convict or a man without a criminal record, I am more inclined to take the ex-con. Know why? Because if he is in a boss job he'll keep the men in line and get the maximum work out of them. They'll be afraid of him."

Fear, in fact, is the key to conditions on the waterfront. It explains the shape-up. It guarantees a submissive labor force. It accounts for Ryan's power and hence for his value to the shipowners.

Fortune has said of the International Longshoremen's Association, of which Ryan is "lifetime" president at a salary of $32,500 a year, that it is "less a trade union than a collection of Chinese war lords, each ruling a province." The province is the local union, a rich source of graft to racketeering elements in and out of the union. The Kefauver committee discovered, for one thing, that hundreds of thousands of dollars had been looted from the treasuries of six Brooklyn locals. Another common waterfront racket in which union officials have been known to engage is money-lending at exorbitant interest rates. The rank and file are well aware of this corruption, but they are apparently powerless to combat it within the union. Their votes are useless. The procedure followed in the recent referendum on the disputed contract explains why: members in each local were given *unnumbered* ballots on which they could vote for or against the agreement, and the results were then *telephoned* to I. L. A. headquarters. The men also know that any overt attempt to oust the union machine is a dangerous undertaking. Pete Panto, a rank-and-file leader who challenged the Ryan machine in 1939, disappeared from the waterfront. A year and a half later his body was found in a New Jersey swamp.

While Ryan's rule has inflicted indescribable hardships upon the East Coast longshoremen it has saved the shipowners millions of dollars. This is clearly shown by the

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following comparison between conditions on the East and the West Coast; on the West Coast the shipowners negotiate contracts with the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union, which was formed after a revolt against Ryan.

Hours Employed. In 1950, 59 per cent of the New York longshoremen worked less than 800 hours; in San Francisco only 12 per cent worked less than 800 hours and 63 per cent worked more than 1,300 hours. In San Francisco the antiquated shape-up has been replaced by the rotary hiring system.

Annual Earnings. In 1948, 56.5 per cent of the New York longshoremen earned less than $2,500 a year; in San Francisco only 9 per cent earned less than $2,500. Forty-nine per cent of the San Francisco longshoremen earned $4,000 or more a year as compared to 4 per cent in New York.

Hourly and Overtime Rates. During the past year the East Coast workers seem to have had a slight advantage in the matter of rates, receiving $2 an hour as against the West Coast rate of $1.97. But, as we have seen, the average New York longshoreman works approximately 500 hours a year less than the San Francisco longshoreman. Moreover, overtime rates are much higher on the West Coast. A longshoreman there receives time and a half after six hours' work, whereas on the East Coast he receives overtime only after working eight hours.

Pensions and Vacations. Members of Ryan's union receive a pension of $35 a month, plus social security; members of the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union receive $100 a month plus social security.

Sling Load and Safety Regulations. The I. L. A. contract does not limit the size of sling loads, which are often as high as 3,500 and 4,000 pounds. The I. L. W. U. contract sets a limit of 2,100 pounds. Though stevedoring ranks as the third most dangerous occupation in the United States, safety regulations are conspicuously absent from the I. L. A. agreement.

OBVIOUSLY the employers have everything to gain by maintaining the status quo on the Eastern docks. And just as obviously the longshoremen have everything to lose. Hence their "insurrection," which apparently followed the pattern of previous abortive revolts. Take the role played by John J. (Gene) Sampson. In previous rebellions Sampson assumed leadership when the Ryan machine realized that the men could no longer be held in line, and then was billed as an "insurgent leader." His role was that of Ryan's "loyal opposition." In the recent wildcat revolt Sampson appears to have been in no way responsible for the original walk-out, which was quite spontaneous, but on the contrary to have attempted to discourage it. Two days after the strike began, when Local 791, of which he is business agent, voted unanimously to stay out, he told the press: "We've done all we possibly could. It's up to the men now." In reply to a reporter's question, he said that the union leadership would not reopen contract negotiations and that the men had no choice but to return to work.

Shortly after making this statement Sampson took over the leadership of the strike, but his conduct continued to be unlike that of an "insurgent." On one occasion he offered to end the walk-out if Ryan would agree to a new vote on the agreement, to be held under government supervision. Ryan had made a similar proposal four days earlier. Later Sampson wired President Truman that the men would return to work if the President would set up an "emergency impartial body" to review the dispute. This seemed to suggest that the President should invoke the Taft-Hartley act's emergency provisions. Instead of demanding that the shipowners negotiate with the strike committee, Sampson took the position that the strikers would resume work as soon as Ryan sat down with the shipowners to renegotiate the contract.

Despite far from militant leadership, the dockworkers valiantly resisted the strong-arm tactics of the waterfront bosses. Anthony Anastasio in Brooklyn, Ed Florio in New Jersey, Alex DeBrizzi in Staten Island, Mike Clementis in lower Manhattan, and Mickey Bowers on the upper West Side tried their best to smash picket lines and force back-to-work movements but met little success. In fact, the rank-and-filers were in command of the situation throughout the strike and made Sampson carry the fight farther than he probably intended to. With sound militant leadership they might have held out until they won. On the twenty-fourth day, after a four-hour session with a state fact-finding board, Sampson called off the strike. The following day 25,000 bitter and confused longshoremen found themselves standing in line for the shape-up, wondering if their brave fight had gone for nothing.

A good deal, however, had been gained: the longshoremen had proved their determination and shaken the power of the forces that rule the waterfront. As a result they will surely win concessions from the fact-finding board. If these are inadequate, Ryan and the shipowners may face another rebellion. It is possible that the four wildcat strikes since 1945 have depreciated Ryan's value to the shipowners. Should this prove to be the case, Sampson would be his most likely successor. But no one knows whether the underworld elements which the New York *Times* found to be interlocked with the workings of the union would tolerate such a substitution. Sampson might seek to control the waterfront for the benefit of a clique of his own. One thing is clear: that this is not the last of the rank-and-file revolts. They will continue until the unholy alliance of racketeers, politicians, labor bosses, and employers that has ruled the New York waterfront these many years is broken up.

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BARABBAS WAS A PUBLISHER

BY VINCENT BROME

THE present contradictions which bedevil British publishing make it difficult to determine whether that traditional blend of literature and commerce which has been brought to such a special pitch in some British houses can survive intact. Already the emphasis has shifted in many small companies. Something that will last and sell has given place to something that will blatantly and boldly sell. But contradictions multiply.

There is no disputing the fact that the total turnover in British publishing for 1950—£37,158,652 or $104,742,226—sets a new record; that the number of new books and editions published in the same years was 6,000 more than in the United States; that when a Gallup poll asked the question—Are you now reading any books or novels?—the answer "yes" came from 55 per cent in Britain, 43 per cent in Norway, 40 per cent in Canada, and 21 per cent in the United States. Even profits have not fallen for many big companies on the 1945 figures.

British statistics in this field glitter with success, and it is all very confusing, because at every turn publishers are of gloomy countenance. They talk of the future as though a shadow lay over the landscape, and indeed there is a shadow, but its depth and proportions vary from temperament to temperament.

Turnover, of course, is meaningless without taking account of costs. Sir Stanley Unwin has given a typical account for a moderately successful first novel published in 1939 and a similar novel published in 1950. It ran like this:

	1939	*1950*
Composition, etc.	£ 72	£184
Paper	18	54
Advertising	55	75
Author's royalty	29,6*s.*	100
Other costs	121,9*s.*	311,6*s.*
	£295,15*s.*	£724,6*s.*

In effect the cost of composition increased between 1939 and 1950 two and a half times, paper three times, and author's royalties three times. By 1951 the situation was far worse. Paper had gone up fivefold, binding three and a half times, and printing more than twice. All this would be of less significance if the price of books had mounted at the same pace, but selling prices show only a 25 to 50 per cent increase. The publisher appears at first sight to have borne the brunt himself, and it is easy to dismiss his troubles as the inevitable consequence of a misplaced philanthropy. If he believes that Berdyaev's animadversions on the mechanistic society should be brought to the public for the same price as a good British meal, and such a meal should continue to be fed through the libraries to hundreds of fresh minds without anyone adding more than a penny to the original payment, well and good. But lofty emotions of this kind do not alone condition price. The publisher is afraid that if the book cost 15*s.* or 17*s.* instead of 12*s.* 6*d.*, half his audience might deliberately go hungry, and the attempt to recoup his growing costs by increasing the price of the book would merely inhibit, if not seriously undermine, his sales. The vicious circle then becomes complete.

Within this broad situation lie many subtleties. In the past British publishers, like others, made their money from reprints. Running off a second, third, and fourth edition cost far less than the first. But now the prohibitive cost of paper, machining, and printing has cut this margin very considerably. It has been estimated that of the 3*s.* increase on some modern novels (10*s.* 6*d.* against the old price of 7*s.* 6*d.*) something approaching sixpence in every shilling goes to meet the increased booksellers' discounts and authors' royalties. If it *is* sixpence in every shilling, at once half the increased cost is lost to the publisher. Worse still, no other commodity on the British market still competes with goods produced and priced before and during the war. Prices in consequence vary considerably, but the character of demand has changed as much as price.

During the war, when people had plenty of money to spare and few things to buy, the austere restrictions on semi-luxury goods and the virtual non-existence of anything not needed for survival or war gave books a special license. Here was something which would absorb surplus cash and give the illusion—if not the reality—of culture. People swept up book after book. Many new competitors swung into their stride as war restrictions were relaxed, and now books have to compete with sport, theaters, periodicals, dog-racing, and such unlikely things as silk stockings. It is instructive to see the decline in the sale of children's books since the manufacture of toys was freed.

But the slump in book sales has hit certain special fields. The demand for schoolbooks of all kinds—dictionaries, reference books, technical manuals, and reprints of the classics—continues high. It is in the field of fiction and books of general interest that booksellers have reduced and sometimes canceled their orders: a tragic enough situation because it involves a large part of creative writing, cripples the chances of new novelists, and virtually extinguishes the unestablished poet. Like every statement made about the current publishing situation, that needs qualification. There are still several big houses prepared to risk publishing novelists and poets quite incapable of recouping their costs. There are houses like Allen and Unwin and Longman's willing to reprint scholarly books which may only sell two or three hundred copies a year. Herein lies a difference from America.

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SOCRATES

The bough has bent. The leaf is gone. The words
Have dropped to sound and sound to silences.
The noble face of Athens, like the birds
Whose flights made still the airy prophecies,
Is not, yet is, because of eternal lips
That challenged truth and that-which-goes-and-comes
And even today, like Fate, write the book that slips
Into the forms of all our vacuums.
That man who was, and is, gross and serene,
Whose naked mind outshone the very gods,
Comes with his flesh onto the fluid scene
And breathes sense in these too, too banal clods
We die with. Hemlock! what a sculptor, thou:
To build up life upon his deathward brow!

PARKER TYLER

or so British publishers believe. Reprints for two or three hundred sales are not made in the States. Again American publishers have increased the price of books far more than British.

The real fear behind these growing complications is that further aggravations may lead straight back to the dark days of the nineteen thirties, when many first novels in Britain sold only two or three hundred copies, most novels were published at a loss, and only houses with a good "backlist" (books already published which continued to sell without promotion) easily survived.

Between 1931 and 1939 twenty-one well-known book publishers went out of business. Since the end of the war no major publishing house has succumbed, but Secker and Warburg have come to a financial arrangement with Heinemann, many mushroom companies flourishing in the war have vanished, and rising costs are pressing hard everywhere. Geoffrey Faber believes that "the old pre-war price of 7*s.* 6*d.* ought now to be at least 15*s.* But some of our leading novelists or their publishers, sure of a large sale, are pricing their novels at no more than 10*s.* 6*d.*, and quite a number of novels are still being published at 9*s.* 6*d.* or even 8*s.* 6*d.* This is a startling illustration of the failure of prices to keep pace with costs, whether through fear of losing the market or through hope of surviving to monopolize it."

But price is conditioned by many factors, overproduction among them. It is argued that if demand becomes highly sensitive to a further rise in book prices, and sales fall, then a number of publishers and booksellers will go to the wall, and eventually fewer books will be published. The brutal economics of survival make this, in one sense, welcome. The wisdom of publishing simultaneously ten full-dress books on the M. C. C.'s cricket tour in Australia, each book not merely competing with but threatening the very existence of others, has been questioned. A little foresight, planning, and cooperation might have produced five books only, selling double the number. At once the glimmering specter of rationalization appears, and a large part of the publishing world recoils in varying degrees of distaste and horror. But the specter has to be faced. Already a London Clearing House has been established and is now used by 375 booksellers and 222 publishers, the first step in the early phases of rationalization. Last year the Clearing House dealt with 140,000 accounts involving a total of £2,350,000, and its turnover was steadily increasing. Instead of settling their accounts with each publisher separately, booksellers pay a single monthly check through the Clearing House. The Book Center, another step in rationalization, serves seventeen publishers. It pools not only the accounts of these publishers but the distribution of their books.

No one pretends that any of this goes very far to resolve the present troubles, but other steps are in prospect. Michael Joseph recommends the abolition of remainders, "which have for many years been a curse in the book trade, just as the accumulation of second-hand cars once bedeviled the motor-car industry. If I had my way all books would be compulsorily pulped two years after publication unless a stipulated number of copies had been sold by the publisher within the preceding twelve months."

Geoffrey Faber wants the mystique of Higher Accountancy in the Inland Revenue Department investigated because there appear to be moments when they tax profits which by devilish dispensation of dwindling assets are no longer there—in hard cash. "I venture to say that undistributed profits ought plainly not to be taxed at all. . . . Let the trader be at liberty to put all his undistributed profit, undiminished by any tax (including income tax), back into his business."

Among all these panaceas for real and hypothetical crises one must remember that profits for many big companies have not yet fallen, and the real immediate threat is to small companies only. But no one can foretell the precise repercussions if publishers are forced to make serious price increases.

The director of one small company said to me with a wry smile: "Perhaps if we offered two shares of the company with every book bought, or published them blank and let them write their own—or ran a sideline of funnies . . ."

After six years of struggle he thought he was begining to feel the ground firm under his feet, but erosion from rising costs now threatens his very existence. "Once upon a time there was a book published called 'Barabbas Was a Publisher,'" he said. "I can only say he must have been a very clever man."

[*This is the first of two articles. The second, dealing with periodicals and the press in Great Britain, will appear soon.*]

Justice on Horseback

STRANGE LANDS AND FRIENDLY PEOPLE. By William O. Douglas. Harper and Brothers. $4.

ONE wonders whether Justice William O. Douglas realized why he was greeted with such respect and esteem in the Middle East, particularly in Iran. His position as a judge of our Supreme Court is comparable in Moslem eyes to that of a member of the *'ulama* or council of *Mujtahids*. In old-fashioned Moslem nations where church

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and state are identical—the tradition still lingers where they have been separated—members of these councils pass on the religious constitutionality of all legislation. This identification must have given the far-traveling jurist an aura of religious prestige which his own deep religious conviction, his simple and straightforward manner, his lack of pomp, his sense of humor, and his willingness to walk, ride, and sleep on the ground along with the men of the tribes and villages could only confirm in their eyes. In following their traditional impulse to confide in him, the men of the tribes and villages made no mistake. He is their champion in an America which needs his kind of wisdom if it is to foster a healthy Middle East and keep it out of enemy hands. His prestige as a jurist should also help publicize his ideas, and only by the dissemination of these principles by every American who knows the Middle East can the future be secured. While his ideas are not novel they have been enunciated by no other American of equal rank and authority.

Before going farther I would like to bring up my one criticism of this book and dispose of it. It is a criticism of the publisher more than of the author. The spelling of Arabic and Persian words is so inaccurate that at times identification is endangered. Could the publisher have seen fit to employ a competent Middle Eastern scholar to read proof, all this would have been avoided, and the book produced in the dignity which it deserves. Such a scholar could also have corrected some of the petty geographical, historical, and ethnographic inaccuracies which may misinform the general reader.

The vigorous Justice, a mountain climber and rider of swift horses at the age of fifty-three, visited Lebanon, Syria, Iraq, Iran, Jordan, and Israel in 1949, and Lebanon, Syria, Iraq, Iran, and India in 1950. His longest stays were in Iran, a country in which he seems to have felt most at home, particularly among the nomadic tribes of the Zagros, whose spirit he accurately captured. Everywhere he went he managed to get off the motor roads on to the trails, where on foot or horseback he could meet the really important people of the country. How commendable this practice is, is hard to realize unless one knows that the bulk of our public information on the Middle East comes over the bars and tea tables of about six hotels in Tehran, Baghdad, Damascus, Beirut, and Cairo. His information came not from waiters, government officials, landlords, and embassy interpreters, but from share-croppers, herdsmen, tribal chiefs, toothless old women, and little girls selling baskets. The Douglas poll of Middle Eastern opinion probably sampled over a hundred individuals of all ages, both sexes, and every degree of wealth or poverty, ignorance or education. It also covered members of many different, and at times mutually hostile, religious communities. In view of the importance of what he has reported, it is no wonder that the Soviet radio and press vigorously protested his presence below the Iron Curtain. What he has written can harm them more than if he had peered through a hundred telescopes from the cone of Mt. Demavend.

No better summary can be given than the Justice's own quotation from one Musa Bey Alami of Jericho:

"America talks about individual freedom and preaches it to the Arab people. This is idle talk, for we Arabs well know that in the countries of the Middle East the rights of free press, freedom of assembly, and other individual rights exist to no greater extent than they do in the Soviet satellites of Europe. Those rights are denied to all in the Middle East except supporters of the regime in power. And yet the Western powers support and control these regimes. . . . Please tell the people of America not to lecture us about democracy. Don't tell our people that they must choose between democracy and communism. The people of this region are not free to make the choice. They are slaves. They are illiterate. They have no present escape from their misery. There is for them no such thing as liberty. . . . America should help us get rid in a peaceful way of the feudal system that holds us in its grip. America should throw its weight on the side of the honest, liberal elements which can be found in every country. If, for example, America had done that in China—if America had demanded a real liberal program as a condition of financial help—China would not be Communist today. . . . Call it intervention if you like, but when American influence is used to prop up or to strengthen a corrupt or reactionary political regime, that is also intervention."

Justice Douglas finds four faults with our behavior in the Middle East and recommends to us a seven-step policy.

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Faults: (1) our negative attitude, anti-Communist but supporting every regime, however corrupt, that also opposes communism; (2) too much reliance on our military leaders in planning; (3) our subservience to British policy; (4) our belief that we could save the world from communism by dollars, when it is ideas that are needed. *Policy:* (1) we must give up the idea of standardizing the world to American specifications; (2) our statesmen should turn the conflict between what the Asians want and what the Soviets are trying to get from them to our advantage, by making it clear that Soviet expansion in Asia is their greatest menace; (3) we must feed the starving; (4) emulating our missionaries and teachers already in the Middle East, we must step up our cultural activities; (5) we must be prepared for a long job; (6) we must realize that our security in Asia depends more on a political than a military program; (7) we must evaluate the Asian peoples not by the *standard-of-living* yardstick, but by that of the *"standard of life,* which its leaders espouse and to which they aspire."

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Our no-punch-pulling Justice should travel even more widely. After a trip across North Africa from Morocco to Egypt, for example, what he might have to report could stir up some interesting and healthy trouble. For such journeys may Allah preserve him.

CARLETON S. COON

The Real Melville?

THE MELVILLE LOG: A DOCUMENTARY LIFE OF HERMAN MELVILLE. By Jay Leyda. Two Volumes. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $12.50.

THE appearance of this "documentary life" of Melville has been eagerly awaited. In scholarly and literary circles an interesting myth had grown up around Mr. Leyda which presented him as a man whose selfless devotion to research was unparalleled and whose book on Melville would be a heroic accomplishment. Indeed, it had become a part of the myth that Mr. Leyda *was* Melville, Melville come back to earth in search of his own life. And although this was a witticism, no irony stained the general prediction that Leyda's researches might well recapture from the wastes of time, from trunks, from attics, from letters, libraries, and ledgers, the true, the complete, the *real* Herman Melville. It may be said immediately that "The Melville Log" does not project the "real" Melville, or any other Melville—no author, that is, who may be conceived as in a large encompassing act having lived a certain life and having written certain books. Nor, I believe, does Mr. Leyda himself mean to claim that it does.

The declared intention of the "Log" is modest enough: "to give each reader the opportunity to be his own biographer of Herman Melville." To this end Leyda has collected well over 800 pages of quotations from letters, diaries, crew lists, business documents, Melville's juvenilia, his journals of his trips to Europe and the Near East, reviews of his works, passages Melville marked in the books he read, and so on. These materials are arranged chronologically over the span of Melville's life, from 1819 to 1891.

Yet on the whole the book reviewers have not honored the author's becoming modesty. And in fact "The Melville Log" has occasioned a display of public fatuity for which it is difficult to recall a precedent. The burden of the paean has been that here at last is the "real" Melville and that—although we may make small talk about the mythical Mr. Leyda—we need never again be concerned with the "mythical" Melville who has hitherto been presented by "over-imaginative biographers." It is true that Melville criticism has sometimes pursued a giddy course and that an interpretative reading of certain sections of "The Melville Log" may help to bring rationality to the subject. But the trouble is that behind the public acclaim lurk a huge complacency and an unspoken assumption that the "mythical" Melville we can now forget is the author who wrote "Moby Dick," "The Confidence Man," and "Billy Budd" and that the "real" Melville is the fellow whose name appeared on the roster of employees at an Albany bank in 1832, or who, on August 19, 1861, drove "into town to pay his Town, County & State Tax for 1861: a total of $20.89 (less $1.04 discount)," or who, in January, 1850, triple-scored a passage on page 168 of the "Final Memorials of Charles Lamb" by Thomas Noon Talfourd, or who ate one or more macaroons on the evening of August 9, 1875. Naturally Mr. Leyda's enormous assortment of documentary evidence—some of it already known to Melville scholarship, some of it not—bears a varying relevance to our questions about the great writer and his works. But fundamentally the author of "The Melville Log" belongs to, if he has not actually invented, what may be called the macaroon school of criticism. Nor, one must repeat, has he intended a more ambitious approach, despite some inconsequential remarks in the Introduction about modern theories of time and Russian biographical procedures, along with dimly heard overtones implying a cinematic method.

From all appearances, we are now fairly launched in a period of literary Know-Nothingism, during which the criticism of American literature seems likely to lose whatever zest and enlightenment it has recently had. Melville criticism, since Mr. Newton Arvin's admirable book of two years ago, has appeared eager to content itself with any kind of approach which does not

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involve judgments or ideas. And in general there has been no period in the last forty years when so many critics, some of whom used to be alert and adventurous, have succumbed to a morose and prudential anti-intellectualism and have grown resentful and suspicious of any writer who makes a judgment or is interested in ideas or who, writing about any of our lesser or greater literary artists of the past, implies that his subject had, or ought to have had, a mind, an imagination, and an imaginative sense of what his own life meant. Within Melville criticism we seem to be in a period during which Mr. Arvin's book will be thought fundamentally to be just as indefensibly wild, "Freudian," and intellectual as Charles Olson's "Call Me Ishmael" is usually said to be.

I cannot help believing that many of the critics who have proclaimed their gratitude to "The Melville Log" have done so because they have sensed the relief which one may experience by reposing within the bosom of Mr. Leyda's documentary chaos and concluding that, after all, Melville and his writings need not "mean" anything but are merely another image of the "real"—that realm of being wherein the actions of man and the productions of his mind happily dissolve themselves into the savage minutiae of ultimate futility. Yet one may also be more honorably grateful to Mr. Leyda, if partly in the name of the future critics and biographers who may find some pages of the "Log" useful in evolving coherent conceptions of Melville.

RICHARD CHASE

The "Old Party"

CLOSING THE RING. By Winston S. Churchill. Houghton Mifflin Company. $6.

IN HIS novel "Guard of Honor" (1948), J. G. Cozzens set his leading character to musing on "the Protagonist of the Bull Dog Breed" at the Quebec conference of 1943, "often grumpy, half a mind on his brandy-soured stomach and throatful of cigar-flavored phlegm. Grimacing, too, Mr. Churchill must taste, too, the gall of his situation. . . . Except as a piece of politeness, he did not even sit as an equal." That pitying condescension, which many shared, if with less grotesqueness, was wasted. This fifth volume of "The Second World War" covers the period from June, 1943, to the eve of D-Day in June, 1944, and the relationships of the alliance against Hitler and Japan that were highlighted at Quebec, Washington, Cairo, and Tehran. Sometimes ignored, condescended to, or overridden by Roosevelt, often the target of bruising boorishness for Stalin, Mr. Churchill retained his astonishing determination, dignity, and resilience.

He stuck by his convictions as to Hitler's errors and the advantages to be reaped from them. His rejected plans for the Aegean, the Balkans, and Turkey, for instance, the subject of his only serious difference with Eisenhower, were considered devices to exploit Hitler's insistence that his legions hold their ground in the Middle East, after the loss of Africa and the invasion of Italy, by securing the Dardanelles as a substitute for the costly North Cape supply route to Russia. Yet when the needs of the Channel crossing were judged paramount and requests for even small or temporary services elsewhere from troops, planes, and landing-ships (the greatest bottleneck) were overruled, he took his lickings as facts, even if, as in the Aegean islands, they proved to be deplorable ones.

He metaphorically threw up his hands when he could not make the generals see that they were sacrificing striking power to land vehicles in their plans for invasions. He and Stalin both felt that Roosevelt overrated Chiang's China, but Churchill, having accepted the unhappy first effects of that at Cairo, ultimately defeated the diversion of needed strength to the Andaman Islands. In some senses, also, this whole affair represented a deflation of Roosevelt's brief preference of Mountbatten over Churchill. Throughout a year of slights and disappointments that would have broken a lesser man he remained buoyed up by the increasing fulfilment of the Grand Alliance that had been his single-minded objective during the grim first two years of the war. Even pneumonia failed to rob him more than temporarily of his bounce.

This volume seems an improvement on its predecessors, the product of greater deliberation, for it is planned with more art and the slabs of documentation have been trimmed to somewhat more digestible proportions. It is just as infused with the vim and drama which its author so consistently injects into and extracts from life, particularly from war. He refuses to "accept" an insulting message from Stalin, with healthy results. He identifies and lauds the daring Polish engineer, A. Kocjan, who salvaged an unexploded German long-range rocket, was picked up for flight and report to England, returned to Poland, and was executed on August 13, 1944. He engages in a unique and amusingly involved struggle to go to Normandy on D-Day and finally yields to repeated appeals from his King, who points out that he is younger and a trained and experienced naval officer. "I have agreed to stay at home; is it fair that you should then do exactly what I should have liked to do myself?" Here, just as in his other defeats, Churchill records his case for history. "A man who has to play an effective part in taking, with the highest responsibility, grave and terrible decisions of war may need the refreshment of adventure. He may need also the comfort that when sending so many others to

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their death he may share in a small way their risks."

While Mr. Churchill confines himself to making "a contribution to history from the standpoint of the British Prime Minister and Minister of Defense," he does convey a reasonable sense of unity in the war. For one thing he never loses sight of sea power, on both sides and on all the oceans, even though the Atlantic and the Mediterranean get more attention and space than the Pacific and the Indian Ocean. He seems not to have grasped the revolutionary significance of the American "sea-train" technique of supply in the Pacific. He is somewhat less inclined than in past volumes to enlarge the "British" effort by embracing in it the enterprises of the Commonwealth nations. He faithfully outlines Russia's victories without attempting seriously to explain them in either Russian or German terms.

His sincere devotion to Roosevelt carries him through substantial differences of opinion, compromises that were obvious and therefore painful sops, and such troubling mysteries as Hopkins's fall from the President's favor. His insistence on standing up to Stalin is accompanied by unremitting, honest efforts toward understanding, except in the supposed secret of the atomic bomb. Indeed, Churchill's respect for Stalin in the give-and-take of strategic discussions is one of the most interesting parts of the book, particularly since, at Tehran, he had good grounds for believing that the Russians were trying both to damage Anglo-American understanding and to persuade Roosevelt that the U. S. A. and U. S. S. R. could henceforth tell the rest of the world what to do. Where he is aware that his account differs, say, from Sherwood's concerning Cairo and Tehran, he enters a documented record without recrimination or rancor. He explicitly and carefully provides the evidence for his adverse opinions of an Elliott Roosevelt or a Charles de Gaulle.

In all, here is another instalment of God's Plenty on scores of moot topics for today's readers and tomorrow's historians. The book is several times larger than the extracts that appeared in the press. It is to be hoped that some gifted biographer of the future can somehow compose from it and less subjective sources a satisfying portrait of the "old party" who has just enjoyed the sublime satisfaction of confounding practically unanimous British and foreign political commentators of the past half-century by becoming Prime Minister in peace time. The impossible merely took a little longer than the difficult.

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The Trophies of the Mind

TWO CHEERS FOR DEMOCRACY. By E. M. Forster. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $4.

THE title of E. M. Forster's new collection of essays—his first since "Abinger Harvest" of 1936 and the second of his career—was to have been "The Last of Abinger." But, he says, "I do not really want to record the last of anything"; so when the present title, a phrase from the essay "What I Believe," was proposed by a friend as a joke, he "decided to adopt it seriously," jokes taken seriously having before this served him as a test of values as much as the reverse process of taking solemn concerns lightly.

The decision was well-advised. "Two Cheers for Democracy" accurately suggests both the prevailing content of the book and its angle of vision and justice. Like a poet he once praised—C. P. Cavafy—Forster still stands "at a slight angle to the universe"; and like an artist he respects—André Gide—his is one of the "free minds" which "are as rare as great [ones], and even more valuable at the present moment." He too makes it his business to transmit not "life's greatness" ("a nineteenth-century perquisite, a Goethean job") but "life's complexity and the delight, the difficulty, the duty of registering that complexity and conveying it." He too "reacts to the European tragedy as a humanist" whose characteristics are not only the free mind but "curiosity, belief in good taste, and belief in the human race." He shows the same properties of mind and temper that he has exercised in his art from its beginnings: sympathy in justice, reason in conviction, moderation in loyalty, vivacity in passion. He subscribes to Freedom, Democracy, Humanity, and Culture—the grand capitalized ideals of liberal civilization—but not to the abstractions or mandates by which these can be brutalized or made impotent. Therefore he believes even more in the realities that work better when they are kept in lower-case type: in tolerance, in harmony, in personal relations, and in art. He also believes in an aristocracy "not of power based upon rank and influence, but an aristocracy of the sensitive, the considerate, and the plucky." That is why, even in 1939 and on the brink of disaster, two cheers for democracy were "quite enough"—"one because it admits of variety, and two because it permits criticism. There is no occasion to give three. Only Love the Beloved Republic deserves that."

The voice that speaks its relaxed if sometimes deceptively amiable accents in these sixty-eight long and short pieces—essays, lectures, reviews, broadcasts, obituaries, journal entries—is still unmistakable. It remains one of the stubbornly honest voices of our century. It ranges over the interests and commitments of a lifetime: from England, Germany, America, India, and South Africa to Shakespeare, Tolstoy, Eliot, Gide, and Auden; from literature and music to the events of the historic moment—the 1930's and '40's—which im-

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posed on a faith in sanity the tests of politics, society, and war, and of that "challenge of our time" which has brought the traditions of order and justice to peril. But what operated in Forster's novels operates here. They too, long before the arrival of world crisis, were aware of delusion and treachery, the hostilities of temperament, caste, and race, the errors of the heart that remains "undeveloped" and the mind that works inflexibly. In that perception lay their tough and resilient strength, and that strength, however supply exercised or humorously modulated, remains the spring that has kept Forster's intelligence unstiffened by conformity, fresh in energy, uncompromising only when mind is threatened by brutality or love and art by the coercions of that sanctimony which is their death.

"We must love one another or die"; Forster admits himself "commanded" by Auden's precept but with a qualification: "we can only love what we know personally." When the idea is promoted that "nations should love one another, or that business concerns or marketing boards should love one another, or that a man in Portugal should love a man in Peru of whom he has never heard, it is absurd, unreal, dangerous"; and then love must yield to a "very dull virtue," tolerance, which, however "boring," "negative," or afflicted with a "bad press," permits the humbler but more practicable virtue of "putting up with people, being able to stand things," the "sound state of mind which we are looking for."

So also, in the face of the believers in Art who dictate the equally "perilous and vague sentimentalism" that "only art matters" or talk about "The Life of Art," "Living for Art," or "Art's High Mission," Forster emphatically asserts an "unfashionable belief" in all its "eternal importance": "I believe in art for art's sake." It exists for its own sake and no other because it remains one of the two categories of experience (religion "on the evidence of the mystics" is the other) that "possess internal order," testify to "the internal harmony," which, like lonely "lighthouses [that] have never ceased sweeping the thankless seas," do "in fact concern people who do not care about art at all."

If this book shows Forster in a more public and social role than he has ever assumed before—a large share of its contents is made up of war-time broadcasts, peace-time lectures, and literary journalism—it also shows him in another aspect which his fiction and criticism have never lacked, even at their most unconventional. He is the kind of artist who conceives of his art as a mediator between art's rightful superiority to use and the humanity that does not care about art at all. He is an individualist who recognizes the existence of society, a believer in freedom who knows that liberty must be responsible if it is to escape anarchism, a liberal who admits the law of necessity ("We live in freedom by necessity"). He shows a conscious effort to reconcile the two tendencies which he sees in the prose of his era: "the popular, which absorbs what is passing, and the esoteric, which rejects it, and tries to create through art something more valuable than monotony and bloodshed." When he says he does not "believe in Belief"; when he rejects dogma and indorses curiosity; when he praises honesty in Tolstoy, Proust, or Gide, in Skelton, Crabbe, or Butler, he reminds us of another standard which he has applied throughout his work and which now gives his book its central subtitle: the principle of "art in action." It is the principle that has given him his success as an artist and an intelligence, and wins for the row of his books the inscription he accords to those of Virginia Woolf: "These trophies were won by the mind from matter, its enemy and its friend."

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

The Great Painters

PORTFOLIO EDITIONS OF THE LIBRARY OF GREAT PAINTERS. Van Gogh. Text and Commentaries by Meyer Schapiro. *Renoir.* By Milton S. Fox. *El Greco.* By John F. Matthews. *Masterpieces of Italian Painting.* By James W. Thompson. *Great Masterpieces.* By Milton S. Fox. Harry N. Abrams. $1.25 Each.

THE publishers of the luxurious volumes on El Greco, Renoir, and Van Gogh in the Library of Great Painters have embarked on a project to reach a wider public with their remarkably good color reproductions. The quality of these plates is of the same standard; in fact, those in the portfolios on the three artists mentioned above are simply a selection from the larger volumes. The significance of this project, it seems to me, lies precisely in its potentiality of correcting the bad effect of poor reproductions which are flooding the cheap market. With reproductions of the quality of these portfolios (costing 12 cents apiece to the buyer), it is possible to learn something about the experience of painting. Not miniatures either, these color pages will not give the viewer a feeling of having been let down if one

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day he has the chance to compare them with the originals.

With the brilliant exception of Schapiro on Van Gogh (his comments are reproduced from the larger book), the texts which accompany the plates are rather elementary, I think too much so. The present treatment of El Greco, though competent, is pedestrian. I miss Bronstein, of the big book. He is quoted in the portfolio, and not always with a proper credit to direct citations.

In general, I think the most valuable kind of text for such works is one that educates the reader to see, item by item. The capsule surveys, inevitably surveys of surveys, can hardly avoid tedium. Here they are fortunately kept to the minimum of a sort of polite salute to the reader. The real difference in quality of text comes in the comments on the individual paintings. Those that continue mainly in broad historical generalizations seem to me to miss an opportunity to educate.

S. LANE FAISON, JR.

"A Blizzard of Butterflies"

THE GRASS HARP. By Truman Capote. Random House. $2.75.

THE imitation of the real thing is always more popular than the real thing, and Mr. Capote's new novel exhibits once again how the imitator becomes the imitation. This particular form of purveyance to popular taste occurs when the real thing no longer exists. Here it is the small town, the characters that are characters, the folksy humor, and the tall story made to order for a class of readers who can well afford such sophisticated luxuries. Since Mr. Capote is aware that recreation of the small town is now largely a matter of sentimental archaeology, he exploits even its deadness by serving it up as a dream. "The Grass Harp" is the end of a long and sturdier line. From Main Street to a tree house the descent is upward, and the dream is the greater luxury.

The tree dwellers are a sixteen-year-old orphan boy Collin, through whose older but still innocent "I" the story is told, an old lady cousin, Dolly, "whose presence is a delicate happening," and Catherine Creek, an old Negro who thinks she is an Indian and calls Dolly, Dollyheart. They are in the tree house to escape from Dollyheart's masculated sister Verena, whom Catherine calls That One and who is mean, although she doesn't mean to be mean, because, with a little help, she too finally climbs up. The three are joined by Judge Cool, a transcendentalist papa whose "chain of love" embraces Dolly, and by Riley Henderson, a wild boy who doesn't want to be wild and succeeds. Under the tree stalks authority, represented by the two bad men, Reverend Buster and the Sheriff, who are given a slapstick beating. In addition there is a goodly assortment of homespun types like Sister Ida, a revivalist with fifteen illegitimate children and a story, the Katydid bakery woman, a cute little fairy barber, and Dr. Morris Ritz, a city slicker. Except for the Sheriff and the Reverend all these folks—and others with only walk-on parts—have good hearts.

In the old days such tetched or eccentric characters were not endowed with the local color of a good heart. Now Dolly is *civilized* by her own private world, and this really astounding process of civilization is nullified by the every now and then impinging cruel world. The patriarchal Judge's "No matter what passions compose them, all private worlds are good, they are never vulgar places," is where, presumably, we have arrived. A very public statement, it is addressed to those who, seeing the tree from their own superior point of view, can indulge in the private world and the good heart as the refreshments of good society. Of course the credo need not be taken seriously even in its own terms. The isolation of the tree dwellers is made palatable by being pitched in a dreamlike key. Like the precious "deepdown ownself part of you," it has only a sentimental currency.

Mr. Capote's reading includes Huck Finn and Carson McCullers, and he is knowing enough about the American themes of innocence and the good heart to exploit them. But the ingredients are stale even if they are more than ever pre-digested, dished up with cuteness and a fine artificial flavor equal to the exactions of the most up-to-date reader of women's magazines, spiced with delicate indelicacies, and served with sensibility. He is best in the creation of moods of suspended animation during the progression of which the tree dwellers are united in a hazy undetermined state which dissolves them into a twittering oblivion—"a blizzard of butterflies." And the relationship between the boys is convincing because he lets it alone.

Certainly Mr. Capote has abused what talent he has—and, perhaps, his own fans—in the crassest manner. No one knows better than he that he has come a long way from the tree house.

H. P. LAZARUS

Out of South Italy

THE BRIGAND. By Giuseppe Berto. Translated by Angus Davidson. New Directions. $2.75.

BERTO'S "The Brigand" is a moving tale of the frustration of social justice in the agrarian south of Italy and its effect on a veteran of the Fascist and partisan wars. Young Berto is, as in his other published works, preoccupied with the impact the war has had on the mind and soul of the individual, and, as ever, the individuals he chooses are the straightforward types commonly called "the little people" of Italy.

But Berto's straightforward types are not "simple." His peasant hero, Michele Rende of the present novel, is a highly complex, articulate, and consciously rebellious man. At the end of his tether, Rende says to the boy-narrator in explanation of his own actions, "A man can have the best will in the world to lead a quiet life, and instead of that, things happen to him that his nature just won't stand." Hence, rebellion—in this case, the taking of justice into the hero's own hands. But the narrator, under seventeen when the story closes, has observed the perpetration of individual justice by his friend, the brigand, and concludes with a wisdom beyond his experience, ". . . he too was doomed to death, I understood that now. He would shed all the blood that his vengeance demanded, and then he would die. He would have no more reason for living after that. You could not carry justice to mankind with hands that were befouled with so much blood. The poor, who were waiting for justice . . . would certainly not attain it through him."

According to this parabola of action Berto's conviction is that reform and not reprisal must right the wrongs from

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which his country suffers, "and I daresay there's no place in the whole world that has more need of justice."

Berto was just a boy when the war was on. He could not have known—or did he?—that a brilliant and articulate and consciously rebellious man, Giuseppe Garretto, had published in exile in France (1939) a novel, "Sicile, terre de douleur," which chronicles in almost identical incident the attempted seizure of the land by the peasants, their hopes, their action, their defeat. (Garretto's book has not, I believe, appeared in Italian since the fall of fascism either.) But the older author, a confirmed Communist at the time he wrote "Sicile," had a specific answer, and it was not reform.

For the American reader the knowledge that two equally valid and equally socially conscious young writers have treated the same theme in partly similar terms more than a decade apart adds urgency to the theme itself. It also further documents the fact that decades come and go in Italy, but no serious grappling with the problem has yet been done.

Until agrarian reform is in effect and not a campaign promise, the frustration of the most elementary social justice throughout the south is inevitable. Berto has brought the problem vividly before us and has cloaked it in convincing story form. The translation, by the way, could not be improved upon. It carries over the delicacy and subtle shading of Berto's descriptive passages into English and makes the conversations believable, full of the impact of urgent speech.

FRANCES KEENE

Verse Chronicle

THIS department does not usually feel willing or able to devote all its space to the notice of one book by one poet. Walter de la Mare's "Winged Chariot, and Other Poems" (Viking, $3.50) is the justifiable exception, without even claiming the technicality that here we have, really, two books, for the volume separately published in England as "Inward Companion" is included.

"Winged Chariot" is a long poem, predominantly in iambic-pentameter triplets, though the pattern often breaks and diverges, expressing the moods, the musings, on the score of time of the life-long lyric poet who approaches his ninth decade. The tone, the cadence, is not unlike that of the Rubaiyat as we know it through Fitzgerald; the music and the meaning are appreciably wiser and deeper. There is sorrow in this long poem, and resignation, gaiety, and composure; there is bravery as unself-conscious as that of the flower-clocked woods and meadows, the skylark and the windflower. Any long-loved and true enthusiast will welcome this blessing and praise, will take heart from this goodness. Dare we listen?

With each cold clear pure dawning to perceive
The Sun's edge earlier; and, at fall of eve,
When the last thrush his song is loth to leave,
To mark its latening, however brief!

Not by mere age, renown, power, place or pride
The heart makes measurement. Its quickening tide
Found once its egress in a wounded side:

Love is its joyful citadel. Its moat
A lake of lilies, though they wither not . . .

Love on; and faithfully . . .

Only the impotent grieve—"*The hours drag by.*"
Self is their burden. That's a bond-slave's cry.

Plague on the blank forebodings, heartache, dole,
The grim chimaeras which our wits cajole,
The signs and omens that never reach their goal;

and, finally, the last four lines of the poem:

The true, the guileless, meaningful and fair
Rest for their essence on our heed and care;
These are Earth's everything, Heaven's everywhere,
However small the commons we ourselves may share. . . .

Oh, yes; and around the margins of the longer poem stand many little quotations, summoned by the poet's memory or imagination to look on and to chime in. Grace-notes, as the lyrics are grace-notes; the poet speaks, for instance, of Rarities:

Beauty, and grace, and wit are rare;
And even intelligence:
But lovelier than hawthorn seen in May
Or mistletoe berries on Innocents' Day
The face that, open as heaven, doth wear—
With kindness for its sunshine there—
Good nature and good sense.

Go far; come near—it is all summed up in:

Ah, when clocks stop, and no-more-time begins,
May he who gave the flower
Its matchless hour,
And you the power
To win the love that only loving wins,
Have mercy on your miseries and your sins.

In a long lifetime there are, no doubt, many good things to be, but surely, from this evidence, one of the best is to be the lyric poet,

Whose every thought was courtesy; whose one care
To show his friendship and to speak us fair:

Dare we listen to such a one? How dare we not?

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

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CORRECTION: In the last issue, in a review of "American Forest Policy" by L. H. Gulick the title was erroneously given as "American Foreign Policy."

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Books in Brief

THE MAGIC CURTAIN. By Lawrence Langner. Dutton. $6.60. For Americans at least this is the richest volume of theatrical reminiscence to appear in a long time. Mr. Langner begins with his British boyhood and tells something of his career as a patent attorney, but the bulk of the book is devoted to his thirty-odd years as a director of the Theater Guild, from the days when it began as the Washington Square Players down to the present. As he himself admits, the time came fairly quickly when no sharp line could be drawn between the kind of plays the Guild produced and those produced by the best of the technically "commercial" managers. Nevertheless, it was undoubtedly the Guild which first demonstrated that such plays could be successful on Broadway, and no other American "art theater," not even the Provincetown Players, had so important an effect on the whole theatrical scene. Mr. Langner tells many anecdotes, often very funny ones, about Shaw, O'Neill, and dozens of other well-known figures. It's a long-ish book with more than a hundred well-reproduced photographs, and it will be indispensable to the historian as well as highly entertaining to all who remember the plays, players, and playwrights of the last third of a century. One story alone is worth the price of admission: Mrs. Shaw, knitting quietly while her husband entertained the company, answered a whispered inquiry as to what she was making. "Nothing, really. But I've heard the Genius tell these same stories as least a hundred times, and if I didn't have something to do with my hands, I think I'd go stark raving mad."

EMBATTLED MAIDEN. By Giraud Chester. Putnam. $4. A well-written and carefully documented life of Anna Dickinson, one of America's forgotten celebrities. Famous as a child orator in the anti-slavery cause, Anna took a prominent part in the political campaigns of the Civil War period and once reached the dizzy height of an invitation to address Congress, with Lincoln and his Cabinet in attendance. After the war she made and dissipated a fortune as Queen of the Lyceum, wrote and starred in her own plays, and in politics put her oratorical talents at the service of the highest bidder. During this time she had long and curious relations with Benjamin F. Butler and Whitelaw Reid. Drink and misfortune drove her into insanity and a series of sensational lawsuits. She finally dropped out of sight and died in 1932 in upstate New York. Anna was one of the more fascinating of the over-sized personalities of the last century, and her biography gives some odd glimpses of American life of that period.

Drama

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

A FEW years ago the present reviewer—who had been at it a long time—decided that he had seen all the musical shows he could stand. On a few stupendous occasions like "South Pacific" he broke his rule, but until now that was the last previous occasion upon which he did so. It was a wise procedure, because he discovered at "Paint Your Wagon" (Shubert Theater) that he had regained his innocence—or at least as much of that commodity as it is possible to recover. And it is a kind of innocence which these entertainments, even the bawdy ones, presuppose in the spectator. They usually involve guileless fables in which unabashed sentiment alternates with knock-about humor to produce a mixture which would curdle in any except a naive imagination; they depend heavily upon costliness and glitter, which please just because one realizes to what lengths the entrepreneurs have been willing to go in order to please one; and of course they assume that legs are a treat. Since tickets are costly and hard to come by, the bulk of the audience must usually be composed of spectators who are not the ideal ones, and the fact suggests that there must be a large section of the public protected by certain gifts or limitations of the spirit which make it impossible for those who compose it ever to lose one kind of innocence even after they have forgotten the existence of every other kind. But the best spectator is still one who has never seen many musical shows, and the next best is the spectator who hasn't seen any for a long time.

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What I should have thought of "Paint Your Wagon" if I had seen all the other entertainments of that class last season and this, I don't know. Speaking not as a professional but as one relapsed into innocence, it seems to me a very pleasant show. The scene—influenced I suppose by "Oklahoma!"—is the Far West, this time during the gold rush. But there is no fatal determination to follow history or folk atmosphere here beyond the point where it might begin to interfere with the usual elements of the musical show. The miners provide a rousing male chorus; the only female in camp, namely, the adolescent daughter of one of the miners, is naturally an ingenue close enough to the *fausse ingénue* to provide comedy as well as sentiment. And before the audience has begun to resent the absence of more women they arrive in the form of a group of Agnes de Mille dance-hall girls who proceed to liven up the proceedings with can-cans and other dances whose vigor and abandon would undoubtedly have shocked the habitués of the Bird Cage in Tombstone. There are also some episodes concerning a Mormon who arrives with two wives and is persuaded in the interests of sound morality to auction the extra one off to the ingenue's father. Aristotle would probably object that these episodes are a plain violation of unity, but since they introduce Marijane Maricle, a pleasant comedienne-vocalist, I shall reverse my usual practice and not go along with the Master of Those Who Know.

The two principal performers are Olga San Juan and James Barton. Miss San Juan is a tiny, very young, and very attractive ingenue with a small and rather shrill but pleasant voice, half innocent, half rowdy. As for Mr. Barton, he has played in everything from the burlesque troupes in which he got his experience to "Tobacco Road" and "The Iceman Cometh." As a result he is one of the few surviving examples of just what is meant by the term "old trouper." Several of his scenes strongly suggest the style of the traditional burlesque bit, but it is a pleasure to watch the superb, confident rightness of his performance, and he manages an almost non-existent singing voice with the same expertness. To repeat: a very pleasant show—at least for the innocent.

Music

B. H. HAGGIN

BALANCHINE'S "Apollo" as it is performed by the New York City Ballet Company is like a great painting after it has been cleaned—the accumulated obscuring grime removed, the original splendors revealed. The grime on the "Apollo" presented by Ballet Theater in recent years was, to begin with, the excessively fast tempos of the Stravinsky music that provides the foundation for the dancing, the consequent hurrying and cramping of the movements, and the inaccuracies of dancers who forgot between the infrequent performances what they had barely learned in the insufficient rehearsals; and at City Center now one hears the music played well and sees the movements executed accurately. One can merely consider the work that is presented to ear and eye—the beautiful, imaginative, and touching details of movement into which the poetic ideas are transmuted. But one may in addition reflect that what is so beautiful and touching was also amazingly original in 1928, and that while still in his twenties Balanchine produced a wonderfully beautiful and great work of art which defined a new personal classical style that he had made out of the traditional idiom of classical ballet and was to elaborate in the great works that followed. And one doesn't need to think of the equivalent in painting, literature, or music to realize the magnitude of the achievement and of the powers involved in it.

I have looked up Edwin Denby's review of Ballet Theater's 1945 production and found my recollection of Eglevsky's performance confirmed by the terms "magnificently powerful" and "sweep" that Denby applied to it. This time, however, one sees no Apollo with god-like power, magnificence, and sweep—only an Eglevsky with a hugely muscular body but no strength in the quiet movements in which he steps delicately with wrists upturned, no vital energy even in his leaps. It is the muses —Tallchief's Terpsichore, LeClercq's Polyhymnia, Adams's Calliope—who have this strength and energy; and in addition—contradicting a casual Balanchine observation that "the muses were not intelligent"—Polyhymnia is irradiated by LeClercq's joyous intelligence. And it is their beautiful and brilliant dancing that achieves what Denby described as "the melodious lines and lyric of forceful climaxes . . . which are effects of dance continuity, dance rhythm, and dance architecture," and in the end the impression of "effortless and limpid grandeur."

Alexander Schneider has at last formed a string quartet, for the purpose of playing all of Haydn's quartets on sixteen Monday evenings at the Y. M. H. A. and recording them for the Haydn Society. The November 5 concert began with Opus 1 No. 3 and Opus 3 No. 1, which proved to be inconsequential; then came Opus 20 No. 3, and one found oneself in a different world—the world of the mature Haydn, the unpredictable operation of whose richly inventive mind can be exciting to follow, as in fact it was in this work that I was hearing for the first time. And I dare say the unfamiliar works at subsequent concerts will continue to in-

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clude some early ones of little consequence, some late ones of minor stature, but some that will turn out to be exciting finds.

As for the Schneider Quartet, I was struck first by the agreeable sound of Schneider's playing—this in the same hall in which the tone of Roisman of the Budapest Quartet has been wiry and strident. In fact the sound of both violins had sweetness and radiance; but there was no complementing somber richness and weight of tone from the cello; and the viola one barely heard. Schneider was not always securely on pitch; but otherwise the playing of the group was precise; and it also was sensitive and lively, as the music required. But at the November 12 concert one heard for a time the more closely knit product of seasoned ensemble performance which made one think that the group would have done better not only with a better cellist but with longer practice before it began to play in concerts and make records.

The reviews of the revival of "Music in the Air" pronounced its book dated; but it seemed to me that it couldn't have been taken as anything but musical comedy make-believe in the early thirties, and was no less acceptable as such now. In fact I found it more acceptable than the book of "The King and I"—which is to say that I can take the conventions of musical comedy in a conventional musical comedy, but not in an "adaptation" of a play or novel; and I am not in sympathy with Oscar Hammerstein's desire to change musical comedy into something approximating a real play in which the songs take off from the dramatic situations, since it results not only in a mixture of "Anna and the King of Siam" and musical comedy corn but in something like "Allegro." But to get back to "Music in the Air"—the book, I contend, is no reason for anyone's depriving himself of the pleasure of some of Jerome Kern's loveliest music and the superb performance of Charles Winninger in what is in every detail a first-rate production.

"Top Banana," with some good songs by Johnny Mercer, has an up-to-the-minute book about a television comedian which provides the situations for an evening of clowning by Phil Silvers and several other expert comedians; and it must be the funniest show in town.

BOOKS OF 1951: A SELECTED LIST

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Lessons of the British War Economy. Edited by D. N. Chester. Cambridge. $4.50.

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Europe Between Democracy and Anarchy. By Ferdinand A. Hermens. Notre Dame. $4.

The Political Collapse of Europe. By Hajo Holborn. Knopf. $2.50.

Peace Can Be Won. By Paul Hoffman. Doubleday. $2.50, cloth; $1, paper.

The United Nations and Power Politics. By John MacLaurin. Harper. $5.

The Idea and Practice of World Government. By Gerard J. Mangone. Columbia. $3.75.

Germany and the Future of Europe. Edited by Hans J. Morgenthau. Chicago. $3.50.

Policy for the West. By Barbara Ward. Norton. $3.75.

Under Two Dictators. By Margaret Buber. Translated by Edward Fitzgerald. Dodd, Mead. $4.

Tito and Goliath. By Hamilton Fish Armstrong. Macmillan. $3.50.

Central and South East Europe, 1945–1948. Edited by R. R. Betts. Royal Institute of International Affairs. New York Publications Office. $3.50.

Czechoslovakia Enslaved. By Hubert Ripka. Macmillan. $3.50.

The East European Revolution. By Hugh Seton-Watson. Praeger. $5.50.

Russian Purge and the Extraction of Confession. By F. Beck and W. Godin. Translated by Eric Mosbacher and David Porter. Viking. $3.50.

A History of Soviet Russia. Volume I. The Bolshevik Revolution, 1917–1923. By Edward Hallett Carr. Macmillan. $5.

Cracks in the Kremlin Wall. By Edward Crankshaw. Viking. $3.50.

Negotiating with the Russians. By John R. Deane, John N. Hazard, Sidney S. Alderman, Raymond F. Mikesell, George H. Blakeslee, E. F. Penrose, Mark Ethridge, C. E. Black, Frederick Osborn, Ernest J. Simmons, and Philip E. Mosely. Edited by Raymond Dennett and Joseph E. Johnson. World Peace Foundation. $3.50.

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Soviet Attitudes Toward Authority. By Margaret Mead. Rand Corporation, McGraw-Hill. $4.

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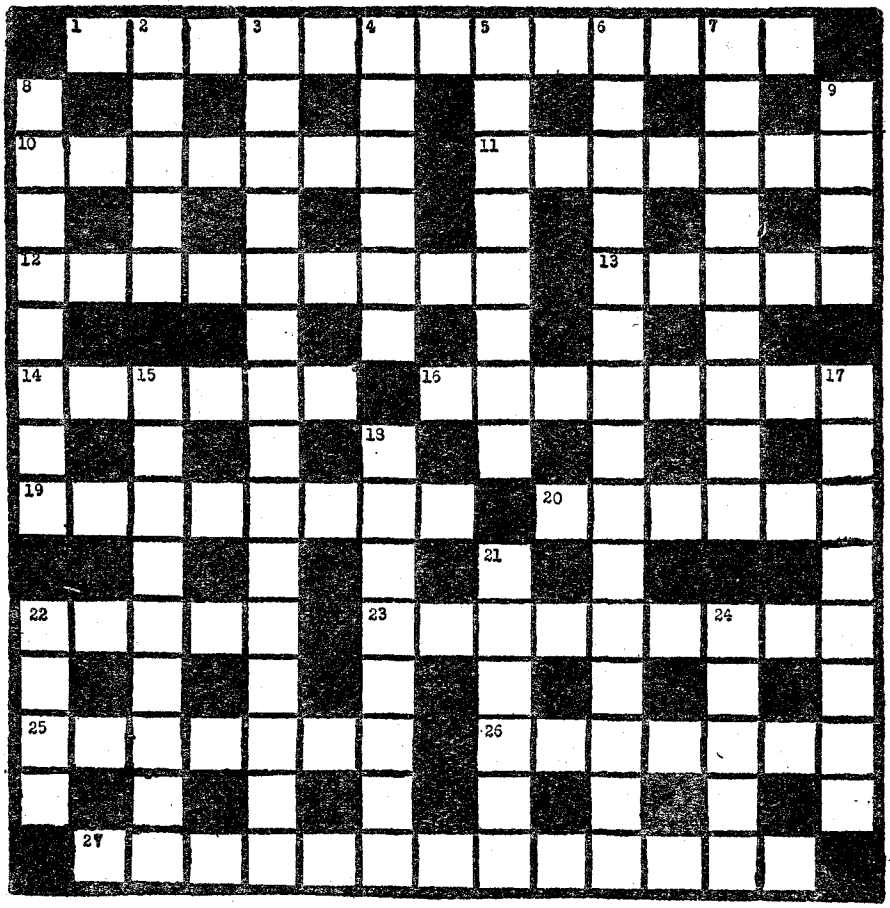

ACROSS

1 Horse trade, or just a run-of-the-mill swap? (5, 8)
10 Down to the rims, yet not worn out. (7)
11 Count to six! (So important it's a matter of life or death!) (7)
12 A form seen in a fraternity man. (9)
13 Chance played a part with this Tinker's helper. (5)
14 If you do this to something, it isn't right. (6)
16 Not quite running away with a crib? (8)
19 Restraint. (8)
20 Might dangle more on one side, but less at the reverse. (6)
22 Entrance with this, if black. (5)
23 Is Wagner's work worth panning? (9)
25 Closely related to Provencal. (7)
26 Where to find conjugal felicity? (Perhaps one should be patient!) (7)
27 Sulky manners? It sometimes causes quite a strain! (13)

DOWN

2 The role of Butterfly. (5)
3 If rainbow trout have them, no wonder they can't take complete steps! (9, 6)
4 This hand is left to the dealer. (6)
5 A famous equestrienne barely got around here. (8)
6 and 21 Stage vehicle. (1, 9, 5, 6)
7 Match seers with a large isle. (9)
8 This acid was formerly oil of vitriol. (8)
9 The seers of 7? (4)
15 A tramp, perhaps, in the main. (9)
17 This is a fine way to keep valuable stuff! (4, 4)
18 Its turn usually signifies an exit or entrance. (8)
21 See 6.
22 Spice came out of it, obviously. (4)
24 The head pin is one! (5)

• • • • •

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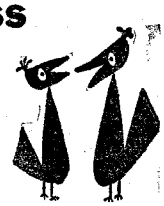

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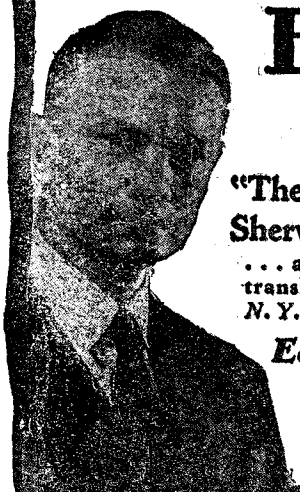

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